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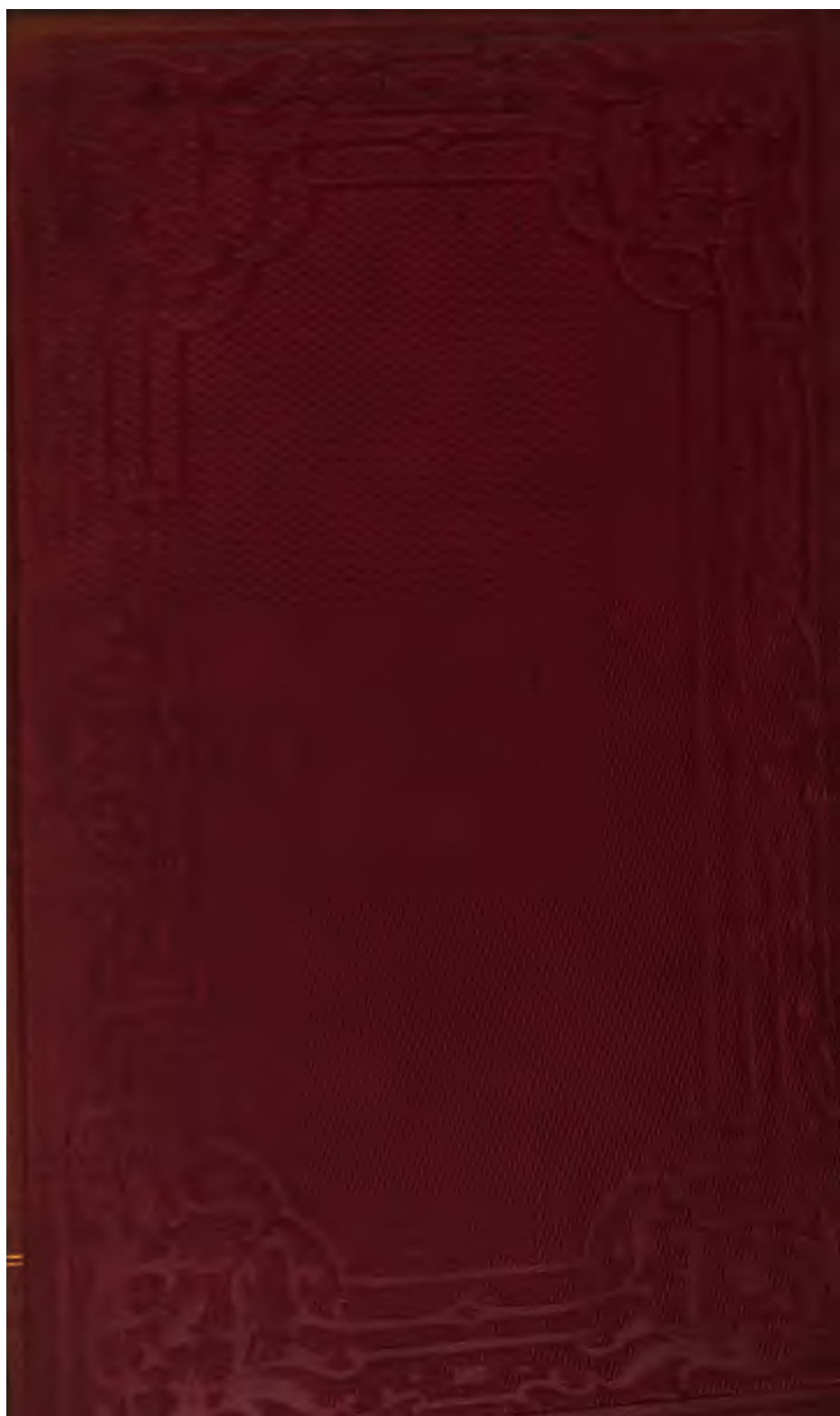
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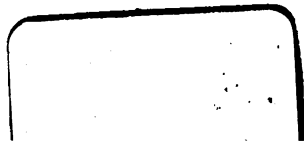
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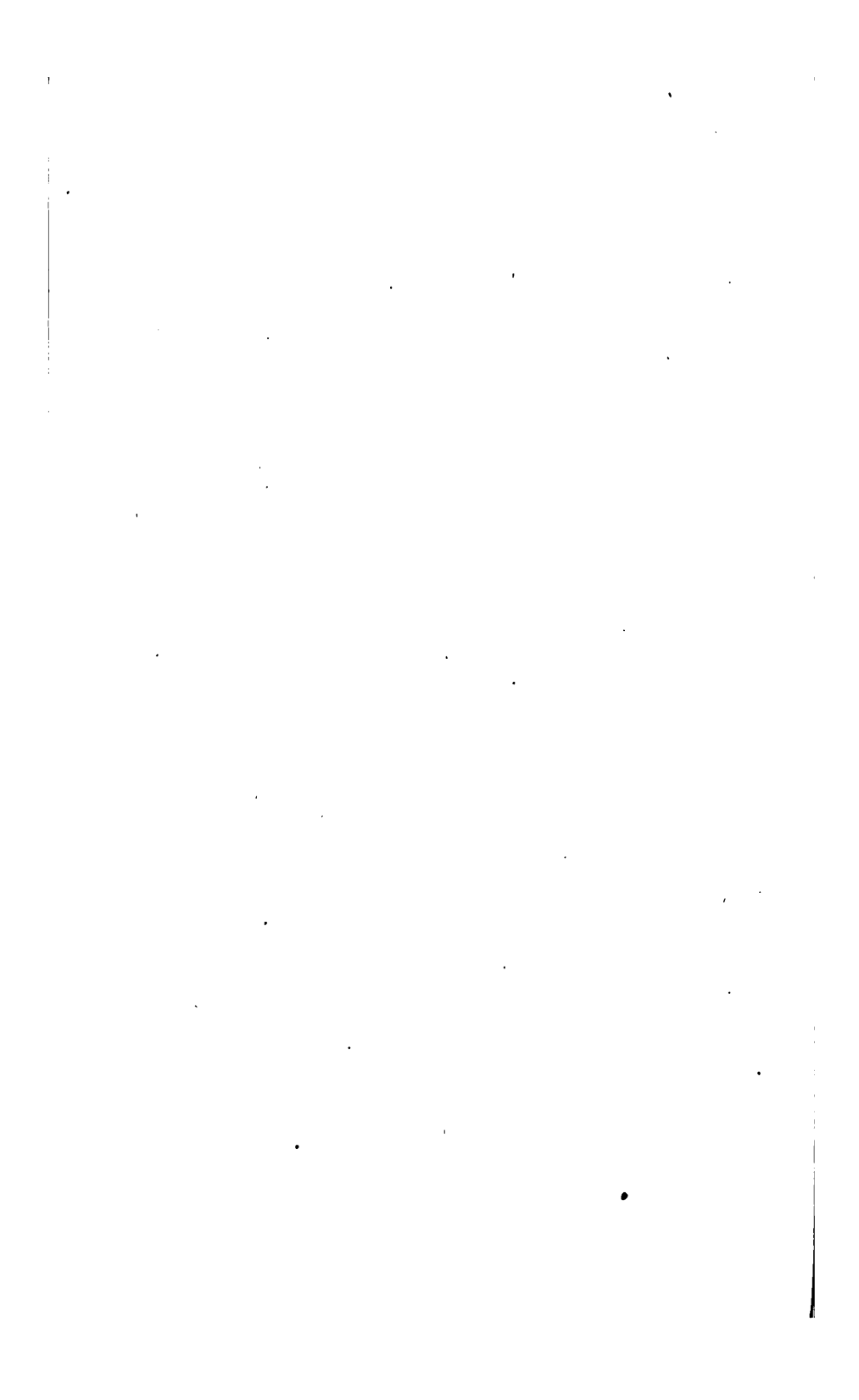
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**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES**  
**OF**  
**JAMES KELLY O'DWYER.**



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
JAMES KELLY O'DWYER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1852.



249.2.13.



LONDON :  
Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.,  
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

# THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

JAMES KELLY O'DWYER.

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## CHAPTER I.

WITH a beating heart, I once more entered that awful parlour in which I had been so remiss, and I found the gentlemen in their places, as I had left them a couple of hours before. They assumed very grave faces when they perceived me. But I fancied there was more of mirth than anger in their eyes, and in none more than those of the Baronet.

“Scoundrel!” cried Sir Charles, throwing as much crossness into his very handsome and good-humoured countenance as he possibly could; “what uproar is this in the lower regions?”

I stood silent, looking submissive, but apparently in great perplexity.

"Sirrah!" he cried again, more loudly; "what caused that cursed *pounding* which shook the very glasses on the table? Speak!"

"Only a bit of a dance, yer honour," I blurted out, as if in a fright. "We wor all upon the light funtastic toe, sir."

"Devilish light and funtastic it was!" cried the Colonel (Sir Charles was then vehemently blowing his nose). "From the effects your 'light' exertions produced here, I should suppose you were rather on your *heels* than toes!"

"An' yer honour is right," I promptly answered, as if recollecting myself; "you hard Mr. Jones's *heels* shure inuff. Augh! I knew he would disgrace us, bein' an Englishman!"

"How so, sir?" cried Captain Dickson.

"Bekaise, yer honour, an Englishman has no purtinshins to attempt an Irish jig! I was strivin' to taich him to 'cover the buckle,' an' do the 'heel an' toe' ginteelly; but I might as well be taichin' Nelson's Pillar to walk as one of his nation to dance! He knew nothin'

about the toe, an' he had a fancy for the *heel*: so to the heels he kep', an' that was the cause of the poundin'—"

"O'Dwyer!" said my master, turning round to me with *awful* sternness of countenance and manner, "you have not been twelve hours in this house, and you've contrived to commit more breaches of propriety and good manners than another fellow would commit in a year! You know you deserve punishment; and, as you are a candid sort of lad, I believe, what punishment ought I to inflict?"

I now exhibited symptoms of great uneasiness. I looked up and down, right and left, as if looking out for some means of escape; all the time muttering to myself,—“Ha! my fine fella! I knew how it would be with ye! I tould 'em below what it all 'id cum to, an' it all falls upon me! I wish to God I'd never left Poulaghmoulaghthouge!”

Sir Charles gave a loud hem! and resumed,

“Gentlemen!” said he, addressing the officers, “you all know the facts of the case. What penalty shall this rascal pay for his manifold infractions of the laws of good order?”

"How old are you?" demanded the senior officer.

"Only nointeen, or a day or two over," faltered I, as if in great terror. "Ogh! dear gintlemen, considher my youth an' inexperience!—"

"I take them into consideration," said the colonel, "and I order you to take nineteen circuits of this room on your knees, and at every round to kiss the chair you profaned with your "ignoble person!"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Captain Dickson, "that is by far too lenient for such heinous offences! I have a voice in this matter, and I vote that that identical chair be fastened on his back for the remainder of his servitude, be it twelve days, or twelve years; and, whether sleeping or waking, 'covering the buckle,' or doing 'the heel and toe,' he must carry the encumbrance as a perpetual memento!"

"That great big chair on my back!" I shouted, and looking angrily at the Captain.

"Nay — nay!" interposed the Baronet, laughing all the while; "you gentlemen of the army are too severe in your punishments! As

the delinquent pleads his youth and inexperience we must be merciful. My sentence is—that he do now *sit* upon that chair, and from thence he must give us a toast, a song, and a story, as fast as tongue can utter them, without any pause between ! And, I understand, he can do all these. Are you ready ? ”

“ An’ willin’ ! sir,” I answered, with alacrity ; and seating myself at once. “ An’ if ’tis a toast yer honour asks for, I will give it to you from the bottom of my heart. An’ here it is :—‘ Long life to Sir Charles Welde, Barron-night ! an’ may his honour have horses, hounds, and hares while he lives, an’ hearty health to enjoy them ! ’ ”

“ Bravo ! ” exclaimed the *militaires*. “ Nothing could be better for a sportsman ! ”

“ The toast is not bad,” said Sir Charles, “ and you must now drink it in a full flowing bumper.”

I arose ; Colonel Nesbitt presented me a brimming glass of claret. I repeated the former words with emphasis, and with this addition, which took them by surprise,—“ And they who refuse to drink this toast (nodding

to the officers, who had no notion of filling their glasses to do honour to it), may they be rammed and crammed into the great gun of Athlone, and blown in splinters to the Rock of Gibraltar! Hurra! hurra!"

Oh my dear fellow! if you could but have seen them then! If you could but have heard the roars, the thunders of applause this apropos quotation procured me, your ears would have tingled for a month! They were all three Williamites, and the words,\* coming so unexpectedly from a Papist's lips, and given with such fervour, absolutely electrified them, and raised an enthusiasm not to be described. They clapped their hands, they cheered, they stamped their feet, as if they would rattle down the house! They dosed me with wine, and they filled my pockets with money; and, finally,—I was excused singing the "song," and telling the "story," by requiring me to give the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," in *full*, which I did, and with all my soul and strength. And little harm it did me. In the midst of the succeeding cheering

\* I believe this is an interpolation on the original toast.

and applause, a gentle knock came to the door. Sir Charles made a sign to me to be silent, and went himself to open the door. It was his younger sister, a very pretty girl, and very like himself.

“Charles!” said she, hurriedly; “mamma is just coming to speak to you about this new servant you have engaged. And as I happened to hear that he is with you, I hastened to tell you she is coming, lest you would not wish her to find him here. Good bye! Be prepared;” and off she ran.

“Please your honour,” cried I, now in real trepidation, “I had better run!”

“Do run,” said he,—“in behind a window-curtain, and no farther.”

I obeyed, and I had scarcely got into my hiding-place, when the rustling of silks, and the drawling voice, announced Lady Welde.

“Chawles,” her ladyship began. “You—a—really a—must—get—a—rid of—a—this—a—savage, this—a—monster—a—you—a—have introduced—a—into—a—the—a—house.”

“What ‘monster,’ ma’am?” cried Sir Charles, abruptly, and displeased.



“He—a—you—a—know, my dear, that—a—made—a—that—a—a—odious—nameless noise while—a—we—a—were—a—at dinner to-day!”

“Pooh! ma’am,” cried the son, good humouredly; “you surely can’t blame a poor tired fellow for taking a little nap, and even making the ‘a—nameless noise,’ when you know that all our family are capital performers through the nose? Even yourself, ma’am, acquits yourself very handsomely in that respect.”

“Me! child,” screamed her ladyship. “Good heaven! — is it — a — justifying — the — a — savage you — are? But—a—to pass—a—over—the—a noise—a repetition of—which—would—a—kill me—I—must—a—tell you, that—a he—has—a—quite—disturbed the—a—equanimity of—the—a—household! The housemaids’ caps—a—were—a—all—awry, when—a—I—met them—just—a—now; and—a—the powder—was—a—shaken—a—out of—a—poor old Clark’s—hair, with the—a—rude—a—treatment he—a—received—at—a this—brute’s hands! And—a—he, that—a—never

—before broke—a—a—glass—or china—in—  
a—his agitation to-night,—a—has—a—broken  
—two—a—cups of—a—my invaluable—a—  
green—and—gold!”

“Horrible! most horrible!” ejaculated the Baronet; “anything more, ma’am?”

“In short,” resumed her ladyship, waxing angry in proportion as her ‘hopeful’ made light of the matter,—“In short, if—a—the—a—brute—a—is—a not—put—away—a—before—a—morning, I—a know—a—not—what—a—may be—a—the—consequence—.”

Sir Charles now laughed outright, and I imagine the officers were giggling too.

“How—a—can—a—you—laugh—a—at—such things?” demanded the now angry mother.

“Why ma’am,” returned the son, “who can avoid laughing? such ridiculous reasons as you assign for driving a poor servant out of the house to-night! He has rumbled the house-maids’ caps—abominable scapegrace! He has shaken the powder out of old Clark’s wig—atrocious rudeness! He has been the cause of the destruction of two tea-cups—unheard of delinquency! These are my poor Jim’s crimes,

ma'am! But I see nothing in all this but proofs of spirit; I like him all the better, and so do the maids—depend on it! Let the girls go to their glasses, and settle their caps; let Clark get fresh powder for his wig; I will replace the tea-cups. But, till he has committed some more serious offence, ma'am, I cannot part with my servant!"

"Then, Sir Chawles," exclaimed her ladyship, with great dignity, "You—a—must—a—expect—to have less—a—of—a—*my*—a—company at—a—your table! I—a—will not—a—endure—to be—alarmed again,—a—as—a I—a—was to-day! You say—a—you will—a—retain this—a—person—in—a—opposition—to—a—me. In—a—what situation I—a—beg—to—a—know?"

"As leader of my private *band*, ma'am! Did not your ladyship admire his powerful execution on the Nasal Organ?"

Here, not the critical situation in which I was placed, not all the hard names bestowed upon me, not the sense of propriety, nor the fear of killing Lady Welde outright, could longer restrain me. I was hard put to it be-

fore, but the last speech quite upset me! and I burst into an explosion of hearty *Irish* laughter, which was immediately echoed by all the gentlemen, and which was recognized by Lady Welde herself; for, with a piercing shriek, she gathered up her silks, and fled, followed by the vociferous shouts of her hopeful son and his companions.

“Advance!—thou savage brute,—as thou hast been aptly denominated,” exclaimed Sir Charles, lugging me from behind the curtain. “Advance! I say, and make instant amends for disturbing the—a—equanimity of—a—the—a—household (mimicking his lady mother), and for demolishing the—a—inimitable green—a—and—a—gold crockery ware, jugs, mugs and gallipots!”

I pleaded hard to be allowed to go down stairs, where, if I committed any more crimes it might be among my equals. But all in vain; not a step would they permit me to stir till I sang a song! I had sense enough not to attempt any sentimental one; nor yet one of our national *cronawns* that set people asleep; but being well up in blood and spirits, for I

now was sure that I was a *favourite*, I rattled out a spirited off-hand stave, and chorussed, or rather timed it with astounding whacks of my fist upon the table, till I thought I had given them enough of it. But it quite took their fancy. I should sing it again for Colonel Nesbitt, and moreover, promise to scrawl it out for him in my best round hand, if I could not attempt smaller. The song is not new by any means ; but it was so to the gentlemen, and may be so to you :—

## 1.

“ When you go courting a neat and a dainty lass,  
Don’t be too ready to sigh, or to faint—alas !  
Little she cares for such pluckless philandering—  
Soon to Old Nick would she send you a wandering !  
Show that you know that her love she would like to grant ;  
Plainly explain that yourself is the boy she ’d want !  
Stand up, and speak up, and make her be sensible,  
How she ’s in luck for to get such a fencible !

Tol lol lol.

## 2.

“ Tip her the wink, and take hold of the fist of her,  
Kiss her before she has time to say—Christopher !  
Give her another, and then half a score of them,  
Still you will find her quite ready for more of them !  
If she gets crusty, and makes your head ache a bit ;  
Hush her, and please her, and don’t let her speak of it ;  
And when in your arms you fairly have got her, sir,  
Her heart it will melt like a lump of fresh butter, sir !

Tol lol lol.

## 3.

"Pitch to the devil your sighing and well-a-days !  
 Ogling and sighing are piperly melodies !  
 Moaning and groaning may do, but I doubt it, jöy,  
 Take my advice, and go briskly about it—boy !  
 Never be quibbling with scribbling of sonnets, sir ;  
 Fly at her face, and lay thousands upon it, sir !  
 Press her, caress her, be saucy and stylish, man,  
 That is the way to make love like an Irishman !  
 Tol lol lol.

## 4.

"If she cries out you're an impudent fellow, sir,  
 Her eye will unsay, what her tongue it will tell you, sir ;  
 Walk with her, talk with her, sit by the side of her,  
 I'll be your bail, you will soon make a bride of her ! .  
 Arrah, the creatures ! it's fairly I'm kilt with them !  
 Could my heart hold, the red sea would be fild with them !—  
 Far have I wandered, and, surely, where'er I went.  
 It was with the girls I had store of merriment !  
 Tol lol lol."

"Now, a farewell to you, gentlemen !" I  
 said, making the deepest obeisance I could.  
 "If I am never to see yer honours' faces again,  
 —I wish yez all luck an' happiness !"

"What do you mean ?" cried Sir Charles,  
 quickly.

"Why, sir," said I, "I suppose I must take  
 myself out of the sight of her ladyship's eyes  
 to-morrow mornin' ?"

"Not for a thousand pounds !" he ex-

claimed. "Here you are, and here you'll stay! We'll find some employment for you. Do you know anything about horses?"

"Right well do I know them," said I. "Since I was as high as the table, I was never without one of my own. For, to tell your honour the truth, I am not exactly what I seem."

The Baronet looked at me fixedly, for some seconds. "Ah, Jim," cried he, at last, "you've been running it upon us, I see. No matter! You're a clever fellow, a spirited fellow, and if your countenance does n't tell confounded lies—an honest fellow too."

"It tells the truth, your honour," I exclaimed, with earnestness. "That's the best printed book going, and has the greatest Author. But if yer honour would be pleased to write a line to Mr. Edward St. George, nephew of Sir William Lindon, of Castle Lindon, in the county of ——, or to Mr. Arnold, of Merriion Square, you will hear something more about me."

"All right," said Sir Charles. "I know Arnold. You shall not be the shadow of old

Clark. You are my groom; specially to attend upon myself. And now go down."

I wanted but the word, and away I flew, a happier and a richer man.

I now knew my station and my duties. These were light enough; but there was some danger in attending to them. This wild young spark, not to be like any one else, would willingly purchase only the most spirited, and, withal, the most vicious animals that could be got for money. The persons deputed by the Baronet to purchase for him at fairs, and at Dycer's, were invariably instructed to select only such horses as others avoided for some dangerous trick, or as unmanageable. All he stipulated was, that they should be of faultless pedigree and shape, and sound in wind and limb. Happily for the lives of his servants, and of his own, out of a fine stud, there were but two horses possessed of the peculiar perfections which his honour deemed essential for his amusement. One of these, named "Spunk," and as full of mischief as a barrel of gunpowder, was his own especial favourite. And the other, "Sir Slasher," an



admirable performer with the heels, as the name might inform you, as a peculiar favour, was made over to me. Thanks to my free and independent rearing, I was no coward in regard of horses. I knew something of vicious ones, too, though none equal to the Baronet's high-flying breed. But, if you mastered these, you would have the heart of the master.

It would be quite a sight when Sir Charles was about to mount. All the servants crowded out, or ran to the windows to have a view. And regularly a deputation came from Lady Welde, to intreat, nay, command, her beloved son to take care of his precious person, and by no means to attempt to ride "Spunk." Yet, as you have seen, "Spunk" was the supreme favourite, because he had spunk, and often flung his rider; and if all the mothers, sisters, maids, wives, and widows in Christendom were intreating or commanding, in defiance of all, the beloved son and brother would risk everything for a gallop on his darling. So, while my hopeful master was surrounded with a troop of sighing and entreating maids and matrons — alas! for poor "Jim,"

O'Dwyer!—he had no one there to put up a prayer for his safety! Though “Sir Slasher” slashed and reared, and curvetted, poor “Jim” might be on or off, as the fates decreed. 'Tis a lonely thing to be amongst a crowd of strange people, and no one of them to care for you. But it was not long thus. Soon there was a good, gentle soul putting up petitions for me, too! And, in the meantime, my guardian angel, that “sat up aloft,” kept my neck and limbs sound and unbroken in the midst of daily danger.

As soon as Sir Charles saw that I could master the “Slasher,” which he doubted, until he saw me fairly mounted, and ready to follow him—for the beast had tried the skill of many a one—I became doubly a favourite; he could not move from home without me. If he rode, “Jim” should follow him; and if he chose the phaeton, “Jim” should attend him. Fine life it was for me! (barring the break-neck business!) I had a first-rate piece of blood to carry me one day; and the next, a luxurious seat in a carriage. I had lots of money, clothes, and

favour ; what more did I require ? I was satisfied, and thankful to Providence for all ; and I prayed that all might last ; that no temptation might assail me ; or, rather, if any temptation should come in my way, as was not unlikely, I prayed for grace and strength to resist it. I had the respect of my fellow-servants, too ; and, generally, their good wishes. All of which I owed to the constant watch I kept over myself, in trying to do my duty towards them and my employer. And it was difficult enough to steer through them. A full establishment of gentlemen's servants, perhaps, is as false, dishonest, and rascally a community as one could meet ; and lying, envying, mischief-making, and slandering usually predominates amongst them. Here, indeed, there was much less of evil than I have met elsewhere, as they were, in general, very respectable ; yet I saw a little of all I have mentioned. But, as I wish well to all my fellow-creatures, not even to you will I say how many of them, or which of them, exhibited those unenviable qualities. Suffice it, that I lived upon good terms with them all.

Lady Welde assuredly had good right to complain that the equanimity of the household was disturbed by my presence. I certainly did make a stir. But, it was a pleasant one ; and, from the first day of my arrival to the last, I kept up the revels, the singing, and the dancing. But drinking and card-playing I discountenanced and condemned

These evening amusements at last became so attractive, the ladies' maids condescended to join them ; and our gaiety was much increased thereby. For though Miss Mason, Lady Welde's maid, was somewhat staid and methodistical, she answered as mistress of the ceremonies, and kept decorum. And Mam'selle Baviere and Miss Julia, the young ladies' maids, the former a delightful Frenchwoman, made ample amends for the other's sobriety. Mam'selle was a handsome brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and she was animated enough to make a meeting of Quakers merry. She spoke broken English, and so volubly, one could not understand half what she said ; but she helped one so well with eyes, smiles, and gestures, hardly words were necessary at all. I admired the

Frenchwoman extremely, and would fain have made a conquest of her ; but though she gaily flirted with me, and received my attentions, such as they were, her heart was given to Jones, Sir Charles's valet, and I had no chance. And mark Cupid's cross-play ! While I was doing the agreeable with all my might, to fascinate Mam'selle, I was playing the deuce with the heart of the sober Miss Mason, whom I hardly looked at ! And for months I was quite unaware that I had the happiness of another gentle, good being in my keeping.

With her other manifold charms and coqueries, Mam'selle Baviere was a capital mimic. I do not mean to say that this is an amiable, a desirable gift in a female, or in any one, but certainly when cleverly done, mimicry is very amusing. When we were fatigued with dancing, she would have us in screeches of laughter at her exact personification of Lady Welde, her air, look and tone ; after her Ladyship, came the elder Miss Welde, who had some singularities ; and then the rattling, dashing, swagger of Sir Charles ; the solemnity, and clock-work step and movements of old Clark,

and lastly, the cold, calculating face of Miss Mitchell (the companion of Lady Welde), her studied air and step, her leering lip and eye, were given to the life.

The last-mentioned was constantly the subject of ridicule, for she was quite detested, and with reason. I do not think that companions or governesses are ever much liked by servants. But she made herself and her office contemptible and hateful. By art and management she had acquired such influence over the weak mind of Lady Welde, she was consulted in every matter, as if she were one of the family, and had several servants dismissed for trivial or pretended faults, if they offended her in the slightest, by word or even look. This was enough to make the under gentry dislike her. Still she would have been tolerated, if she had been content to remain in her proper sphere, as "companion." But it was evident to every servant in the house—long before the members of the family suspected it—that she had fixed her basilisk eye on their generous young master ; and from the little tiger to the all important valet, from the scullery-maid to the

housekeeper, every one was in anxiety and dread lest she should catch him in her toils. And who dare give a hint of it to the family? A superficial observer would suppose there was small chance of her making a conquest of a fine young man, of one-and-twenty, rich and titled, as she was portionless, plain, and of mean extraction. But let no woman despair! And let no family with such a one amongst them depend upon want of charms! Such was Miss Mitchell's art and dissimulation, anything might be feared from her address. Of course, when I came amongst the servants, and understood how matters were (and even before I had heard a word, I perceived, as I told you, that there was some attachment, some intimacy between her and the young Baronet, and I marked and disliked the expression of her eye), I could not help feeling as they did. I even felt more interested. For the more I was with my master, I became the more attached to him, and anxious for his happiness. There was an honest bluntness, openness, and singleness of mind about him, particularly attractive to an honest-minded person, and I could not bear

that he should become the dupe of a designing, worthless woman. I hoped, too, that such a cold and ordinary piece of artifice would have no attraction for one of his gay temperament. But I was not many weeks in the house before I feared she would one day find him weak, and that she would ultimately become our mistress !

At last Lady Welde and the young ladies began slowly to open their eyes ; they perceived Miss Mitchell's growing influence with Sir Charles, and, hurt and alarmed, they treated the companion with marked coldness. But she was too prudent a lady, and had laid her plans too well to see what did not suit her interests ; and though often nearly insulted, she still remained at Welde Park. Even this—and every one of us knew it from the ladies' maids—disgusted us, and many of us made a resolution—myself amongst the rest—that if she did succeed, and become his wife, we would at once quit the service.

As I already observed, I was constantly with the Baronet, and as he treated me with more confidence than any other servant, I was resolved that, with my usual honesty of purpose,



and if I got an open, I would tell him my mind, even upon the critical subject of his attachment. But do not suppose that I would be so rash or impertinent as to thrust my sentiments upon him unasked, or upon slight encouragement either ; but if I could get a fair open, I say, I was determined to speak up like an honest and conscientious man, for his good, let what might be the consequence. None do such mischief as your timid, mincing, hinting people, who wont speak plainly out, nor yet leave you in blissful ignorance.

In the meantime, and to attend to my own concerns, I felt anxious to hear from Mr. St. George ; and the first day I could get into town I went to Mr. Arnold, in Merrion Square. He was at home, and received me very kindly indeed. The first glimpse of him assured me that he had good news for me, and immediately he handed me the long-wished-for letter, and another to myself from the same honoured hand. How my heart swelled when I saw the well-known writing ! what feelings and thoughts crowded upon my mind then ! The letter to Mr. Arnold was all that I could re-

quire, or wish for—full, glowing, and flattering ; and that one addressed to myself made me almost weep for joy. But I merely glanced it over there, as I did not deem it proper to do otherwise. Mr. Arnold, congratulating me upon having, and deserving, such a friend, told me, he could then procure me an excellent situation with Judge ——. I thanked him very warmly for his kindness, but I told him that I was then living with Sir Charles Welde, and as happy as I would wish to be ; and that as he had generously taken me upon trust, without discharge or recommendation, I wished to show his honour that his confidence was not misplaced ; and to that end I had come for Mr. St. George's letter, if he would kindly give it to me for the purpose.

From the moment I mentioned Sir Charles, Mr. Arnold appeared interested and attentive. I saw that he would wish to renew the acquaintance, for, instead of giving me the letter, he told me to refer Sir Charles to him, for that he could better tell him Mr. St. George's high position in society. Of course I made no objection, though I would prefer having the letter to

show, as I feared the Baronet would hardly think it worth his while to call about it. Nor would he, if I had not found a means to attract him to Merrion Square. Doubtless the counsellor had his own little plan too.

While Mr. Arnold and I were speaking, the door of his study opened, and one of the finest, most splendid girls I have ever seen entered, and addressing Mr. A. by his name, told him some friends of his waited to see him in the drawing-room.

"Immediately, Bell," said Mr. A. The young lady withdrew, and took my brains away with her. I had seen pretty girls—my poor Grace was lovely, Rose Dillon very handsome, the great actress I described, graceful and elegant, but Miss Arnold surpassed them all. She was tall, full and finely formed; her neck really was a "tower of ivory;" her bust perfection in shape; her waist, about the round of my hat (rather small for a man's hat, you know); her hair bright auburn; her eyes of a lovely warm, glowing brown; her nose Grecian; her colour high and clear, and her mouth two

cherries. Oh! let me alone, man, alive! I have never seen her equal since.

Her appearance quite took my recollection away; for when her brother asked me a question, I was mute, till he repeated it twice. I fell in *fancy* with her—love is too strong a word,—and I immediately set her down for Sir Charles, and I vowed, that if he had never seen her, he should do so, and that shortly, if I could bring it about.

When I got away from Merrion Square, I hastened to read dear Mr. St. George's letter. Here it is :—

“DEAR JEM,

“I cannot say how glad I was to receive the counsellor's letter about you, as I had almost given you up. I had even gone to your old house (Kellystown) to inquire if any of them had heard of, or from you. No one could tell me where you had steered to; no one had had any account, and I was obliged to give you up.

“But my visit to Kellystown was not solely to hear about you; I hope I have been serving

your interests there, though you seem to forget them yourself. I have been the happy bearer of a gift to your father; the farm, rent free for his life, yours, and your issue lawfully begotten; in fact, for ever. And I hope and trust you will not be so foolishly heroic as to throw any obstacle in the way of your being independent. It was given with good will; but as I was the mover, I trust, for my sake, you will at once accept it, and have no more about it.

"I saw your very charming step-mother. Your father seems contented enough with her, and I find that she is a bustling, shrewd, careful woman. But take care! I thought she looked more *robust* than heretofore, when she was the poor "domino's" housekeeper. Better feeding may have wrought the change. But still I say beware, and keep an eye to your interests. Mr. Arnold gave me a very amusing account of your meeting with your Dublin *cousins*. Did you tell all the truth? Eh? But as they have left you rather bare, I will have you make use of the enclosed, 'tis a mere trifle, to keep you alive till you see better times. Let me hear from you, and tell me if you are satis-

fied with what I have said to Mr. Arnold. Farewell, Jem. Be honest, upright, and fear no man.

“Your true friend,

“EDWARD ST. GEORGE.”

The “trifle,” the dear, generous, noble-hearted youth enclosed, was a twenty-pound note ! It was nobly liberal, and like himself ; but his words were of far more value, more welcome to me ; and with full eyes I read them, and read them, till I had all by heart. I did not leave town till I wrote to him ; but I fear my homely words did not half express my feelings. But he knew that it was not my heart but my head that was in fault.

The following day, whilst accompanying Sir Charles in the phaeton, I took an opportunity to introduce Mr. St. George's letter to Mr. Arnold. He seemed indifferent about it ; he said, “He did not want any recommendatory letter, as he knew I was an honest fellow and all that.” But as I was anxious that he should see it, and also the beautiful Miss Arnold, in hopes that she would counteract the machina-

tion of Miss Mitchell, I pressed him as much as I could. And when all other arguments failed I told him how much I was struck with the beauty of the counsellor's sister.

He smiled, seemed interested, and observed, that he had heard of her, but had never seen her, as she did not reside with her brother. And finally, I brought him to promise that he would go to Merrion Square next day, and have a peep at the beauty. And next day he went, indeed. I attended him, and when he came out, and joined me, I drew many happy omens from the animation of his looks.

When we were leaving town, Sir Charles called for Colonel Nesbitt and Captain Dickson : and when they were riding together, the Baronet started the subject of Miss Arnold. I was all ear.

"By Jove, Jim!" he exclaimed, and calling over his shoulder to me, "you've an excellent taste. Miss A—— is certainly a fine creature. Heigho! There's nothing like beauty after all. And by the way, Nesbitt, why have you never invited Arnold of late?"

"He's a dogmatic sort of fellow," said the

Colonel ; "you know he can't eat a dinner without lugging in his opinion of political affairs, and I hate that."

"Dogmatic or otherwise," cried Sir Charles, "I will invite him next week, for the sake of his lovely sister. And I shall make my mother and the girls call upon the sweet Isabel directly."

This was glorious news for the servants. And better still, Lady Welde and the young ladies went to pay the visit the very next day, and Mr. Arnold's family was invited to dinner the following week.

The day came, and for once I was sorry that I was not butler, that I might have a full view of the beautiful young lady, in her native charms, enhanced by dress, and also an opportunity to observe Miss Mitchell, and how she conducted herself in the presence of so fair a rival. Happily for us all, Old Clark had got an assistant ; and Gilbert, the under-butler, was charged to be watchful as a lynx, and to bring us faithful intelligence.

You will smile at our anxiety about matters that really did not concern us. The fact was,



we had little or nothing to do ; and like all idle people, we should be busy about something, and very little put us in commotion. Gilbert at last appeared, and reading our eager countenance, before any one spoke he cried out—

“ Oh, she ’s an angel ! and Sir Charles is paying the most devoted attention.”

“ And poor Mitchell ? ” asked some one.

“ Is as white as the table-cloth, with rage and jealousy. I ’spose she was agoin’ to faint just now, for she had water twice, and in general she ’s not pa’tial to that beveritch.”

Mr. Jones was now seized with such a desire to see the incomparable Miss Arnold, he was determined to station himself in the ante-chamber to see the ladies retiring from the dining-room. By and by he joined us.

“ Well ! ” cried I.

“ Oh, let me alone,” the valet sentimentally sighed ; “ I wish I had remained at home, and entered the church ! I might then have a chance.”

“ Will she do for our mistress, think you ? ” I asked.

"Admirably!" said he, "there's love in her eye, dignity in her step, and gold dropping out of her hands. I trouble you for one of those fowls. I want something substantial to recruit me, after the sight of so much beauty lost to me for ever."

But though beauty might be very charming, there might be follies and faults innumerable under a fair exterior, too; and I was not easy till I introduced Miss Arnold's name to her servants, watching them closely while they spoke, to see did they "damn with faint praise," or did they speak from the heart. They praised her temper and habits warmly, and I was satisfied. Jones remarked that "she might be married before this, he supposed?"

"Why," returned the coachman, "she has had little time to look around her yet. She's hardly nineteen; and she's not at all anxious to be off, or she might."

"She's only nineteen," I cried, "and Sir Charles is but one-and-twenty. What a fine match they would be!"

Mr. Arnold's servants looked gratified, and after dinner, every one of us drank to the

“speedy union of Wealth and Beauty, and the downfall of Art and Ugliness!”

Little do the gentlefolks know that their sayings and doings, their merits and faults, their charms and defects, are so often the subjects of discussion to their domestics! or how much their servants' words may serve or injure, forward or prevent their interests, and matrimonial speculations!

## CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after this, our family dined in town with Mr. and Miss Arnold, and the night after, went to a ball there. All went on swimmingly as we could wish. But, alas! in the midst of our joy we got a shock, from which we did not recover for a week. Miss Mitchell did not accompany the family to Mr. Arnold's dinner, and, so far, we were delighted; but she went to the ball the next evening, and we were in an absolute uproar when Mam'selle Baviere announced to us, that she had on her a full suit of superb *pearls*, that she had never worn before!

This was quite a blow! All knew that she could not have purchased them; the ladies' maids knew that they did not belong to Lady Welde, or her daughters, and Mam'selle assured us that they were quite new, and

of a beautiful pattern. Where, then, did she get them ? was the cry. There was but one answer,—“Sir Charles must have given the pearls!”

The whole of that night we were in dismay. And I am sure the poor girl could scarce have luck with her splendid ornaments, after all the ill wishes sent after her to the ball!

“How did she look in them ?” was the next question.

“Very like a lady,” said Miss Mason, who always spoke charitably of the absent.

“Very like *de diable* in petticoats !” cried Mam’selle Baviere, and set us all a-laughing.

Though we could hardly get over the pearls, we were very glad to see an intimacy spring up between the families of Welde and Arnold. Sir Charles was oftener than ever in town, and, to my great satisfaction—who always attended him—he paid frequent visits to Merrion Square. I had never seen him in better spirits than at this time, and I was quite assured that he was becoming attached to the fair Isabel. He frequently spoke rapturously of her, even to me ; and as I liked the subject,

I did not fail to keep him to it when I could do so. Her *beauty* was what he was raving about. But I always introduced her expressive countenance, fine disposition, good temper, good family, and fortune ; in all of which the "companion" was deficient.

This regular interchange of visits and civilities continued for six weeks or so ; when, all at once, Sir Charles became domestic—seldom went into town, and never to Mr. Arnold's. This was a change, indeed !—incomprehensible to us servants ; but there was yet a greater.

From being exceedingly united and attached, the family now showed symptoms of estrangement. There were frequent short words, and coldnesses between the Baronet and his sisters ; and for days together, his mother and he would not speak a word. But to Miss Mitchell none of the ladies spoke at all. Sir Charles had also quarrelled with his dear friend, Colonel Nesbitt,—*why*, no one could tell ; and altogether it was evident that there was an under-current at work that was gradually undermining the family harmony,—above all, the influence of the mother and sisters over the

son and brother. We servants had no doubt that Miss Mitchell was the insidious under-current ; and when our master ceased from visiting at Mr. Arnold's, one and all of us would have sworn that it was in consequence of some villanous machination of hers.

In the mean time, while the family were thus disturbed, there was one little flirtation creeping quietly on, and which came to a successful termination. I was sometimes deputed to attend Miss Louisa Welde in her equestrian exercises. She was a pretty girl, and very much admired. But out of all her suitors, I very soon saw which of them was preferred. She usually chose the Dublin road for her rides ; and somehow—by chance of course—she always was met by Captain Dickson. I told you, that I had noticed a little flirtation between this officer and one of the young ladies of the house, on the disastrous day of my attendance in the dining-parlour ; so I noticed it gradually proceed, the affair of the heart strengthen, and finally witnessed the proposal and acceptance.

“That story is long enough !” you will say.

"It is quite impossible that you could be present on such an occasion." To which I reply—  
"You ignorant booby ! go into the world, look attentively about you ; and if you see a young pair together, though you *hear* not one word, by applying to nature, you will plainly interpret every gesture and look.

On one of those days that I attended Miss Louisa we met Captain Dickson, sweeping on at a smart canter. Without pulling up, or even to speak as was usual, he rapidly wheeled his horse round, and slightly touching her mare with his whip, both of them set off at a slapping pace for a quarter of a mile or so, the young lady laughing heartily at this new freak. Now, Captain Dickson was a quiet young man enough, and I marvelled a little at this spurt of spirit. There was a reason for it, however,—at least I thought so,—and it will appear by and by.

At last they pulled up, and rode quietly together for a while ; then turning his head over his shoulder,—to look at me I presumed,—he drew close—closer to her ; he bent his head towards her ; and, from being quite pale a mo-



ment before, his face, nay, his very ears, became scarlet ! I now turned my observation on the young lady. She never once looked full at him since he drew close to her, but either on straight before her, or kept her eyes down, as I should fancy, by the position of her head. Again the lover looked over his shoulder. I was at a good distance behind, but sufficiently near to see the pantomime. He held out his hand to her, and, after some little hesitation, a small, white-gloved hand was placed in his ; they were folded for one moment, then withdrawn ; and then she took the lead, and put her mare in a brisk canter ! Do you think words were necessary to explain that scene ? "There now," said I, "the long-hoarded, burning secret is out ! He is a happy man now ; and the nice young creature has sealed her fate for happiness or misery." The captain of course accompanied her to Welde Park ; and, as I was leading round the horses, he took an opportunity to do what he had never before done,—to slip half a guinea into my hand, with a smile and a look that spoke volumes ! Verily servants ought to encourage love affairs

by every means in their power :—and they sometimes have influence in that way too. It is a fine opener of the heart and hand !

Some short time after this, perhaps about a week, Sir Charles ordered me to have the phaeton ready at a certain hour in the morning. It was ready to the minute, as he brooked no less, and I waited in the yard for further orders. He was not used to be so unpunctual, and I wondered he kept me and the horses standing so long. At last, one of the inside servants came out to me in a hurry, and before he spoke, I read in his countenance that he was full of something extraordinary.

“What now, Dick ?” cried I. “Has Sir Charles changed his mind ?”

“Oh ! there’s the devil’s own blow up above stairs !” said he, “but I can’t tell what it’s about. There were high words and quick steps overheard, and Gilbert says he saw Mitchell retreating up the stairs, as if she had wings to her heels !”

“Hush !” I whispered ; “here comes himself !”—and he was coming sure enough with fire and fury in his face. Without saying a

word, he sprang into the vehicle, seized the reins and whip, and cut at the horses right and left, till they dashed off in a gallop. This amusement Sir Charles continued for fully a mile, till he had the animals in a regular foam of rage, and I expected every moment to be overturned, or dashed to pieces, carriage and all! Of course I dared not speak a word, let him do as he would, till he would please to speak to me; and, as I looked at him and the maddened horses, I could compare him to nothing on earth but a demoniac, going right ahead to visit Satan! At length, his passion cooled somewhat,—he pulled up, or tried to do so; but it was not immediately that the enraged animals would submit and go quietly; and, tired of them, he relinquished the reins to me. I was cool and steady, and after some tugging, I subdued them. “Dwyer!” cried Sir Charles abruptly, and in a hoarse tone, “I am half a mad man at this moment!” “God forbid! sir,” I replied, and very sincerely;—then added, as I thought I ought to say something,—“Every man has his moments of anger, and why not a gentleman?”

“And by ——!” thundering out an awful oath, “I have reason to be madly angry! People suppose,” he continued, “that because I’ve a title, fortune, and out of my teens, that I’m now independent, my own master! Independent!—Pshaw! the true independence is of the mind; and no man is independent if he submits to be trammelled by interested, worldly-minded relations! By h——ns! one would think from their talk that I was still a beardless boy!”

Though these observations were partly as if talking aloud to himself, and not addressed to me, I was so struck with the headlong rage he exhibited a few moments before, I would not let the opportunity escape without giving his honour a bit of a lecture: so, hit or miss, be thrown out upon the road and get broken bones, or permitted to keep my seat in comfort, I spoke—

“Sir,” said I, quietly, “I’ve been told that the greatest, wisest, most independent men, submit to be advised by age and experience; even the king upon the throne must be ruled by his counsellors, or all will go wrong: for

every man has his weaknesses and passions ; and if he studies only his own pleasures, without giving a thought to the happiness of those connected with him, and lets them follow their bent, he would be like the horses as they were awhile ago, mad and blind in their rage ! And where would they have led us, sir, if we had given them their way ? ”

“ To Old Nick ! ” cried the Baronet.

“ Likely enough ! ” sir,” said I ; “ and so would a man’s uncontrollable passions ! Oh ! your honour, I have seen so much misery result from headlong passion, that I would rather see a man like a chicken in a hen-coop, cowering and timid, or like a child clinging to his mother’s apron-string, than let loose like a wild beast to follow the bent of his selfish inclinations ; he would be less mischievous to others, and, in the end, happier himself. It has been my chance to see an honest, decent, well-disposed family brought to everlasting sorrow by one selfish individual, who would not be ruled by principle, or follow a virtuous example. I have seen the beautiful girl of seventeen, the pride and joy of her family, sacrificed ; and, under

circumstances of shame and sorrow, fall into an early grave ; and I have known the shame and sorrow of her guilt press heavily on virtuous age, till crushed and borne down, she too found refuge in death, and led to the banishment of another of its members, till he has become a wanderer, earning his bread among strangers. And all this, and more, was the work of one man, the son of a titled gentleman like yourself, sir, and of boundless wealth and consequence. But the evil has returned upon his own head—not one day's health or happiness has he had since ; and no one says, 'God bless him !' On the other hand, I have known one equally high and rich, fully as fond of pleasure and equally tempted, yet submitting to the government of principle and reason, enjoy his health, retain his happiness ; and his name is followed by blessings and good wishes !”

I spoke warmly, and I thought Sir Charles seemed struck with what I said. He listened very attentively, but from what followed immediately after, I am sorry to say that I think he was rather guessing as to who the parties were to whom I had alluded, than attending to

the moral of my argument. He asked no questions, but it was plain that he had discovered that *myself* was concerned at all events.

“Well, Dwyer,” said he, after a pause, “I would prefer being like you, at liberty to take a stick in my hand, and, without let or hindrance, plod my way through the world, than be the heir of wealth and title, and have no will of my own. Oh you peasant fellows have fine times of it! You can love, take, and marry any girl your fancy selects within your own sphere; and no cold, calculating, fortune-hunting, connexion-seeking ‘family-sustaining friends’ to oppose you!”

This was coming to the point I wished for.

“Then, begging your honour’s pardon,” I replied, “there are no people in the world who look more closely into characters and families than the better sort of Irish peasants, as we are called; we are as scrupulous as our circumstances will permit, and we will trace generations and comment on specks and flaws in character and conduct, even more so than the gentry. ‘We can’t expect a forthun,’ a decent

peasant will say to his son, 'but at laist you may get a good, well-*behaved* girl, of a decent family an' people ; an' no other will ever cum in on the flure with yer mother an' sisters.' And, indeed," continued I, "I have often heard fathers of families say these words. Some do take the advice of their parents, and some do not ; but this I know, that the majority of those who act against the wishes of age and experience, have reason to repent it one time or another."

"Age and experience !" repeated the Baronet, bitterly. "Age and experience is cold as an iceberg ! It is utterly callous ; it forgets its own youth and youthful feelings ; and all it thinks of is 'connexion,' 'fortune,' 'family,' and so forth !"

"And why not, sir ?" I returned warmly, forgetting my place in my anxiety. "Why should n't those that gave us life, reared and provided for us, be, above all things, anxious to bestow their children worthily ? And surely nothing can be more wounding to the feelings of a parent, than to have their advice despised, and their authority shaken off ? and



to see the object of all their love, pride, and care, fling youth, beauty, rank, and riches into the arms of mean, despised, and worthless objects,—their unequals in every respect ! ”

“ Dwyer ! ”

“ Your honour ? ”

“ You are an upright, honest fellow, I believe. Will you candidly answer me the question I shall ask ? ”

“ Depend upon it I will, sir, if it was to cost me my place.”

“ Were you alluding to any particular person just now ? ”

I paused a moment ; “ Honestly, I *was*, sir ! ” I answered, and firmly.

“ I thought so ! ” cried Sir Charles, growing very red. “ Whom did you mean ? Out with it ! I am prepared.”

“ Why, your honour,” I returned, “ I’m but a humble person, and I know it is not my business to interfere in matters that don’t concern me ; and I fear I have gone too far in speaking as warmly as I did. But, as your honour is so kind and condescending to overlook my station, and to speak to me as

an honest man, as a man I will answer you, openly, at whatever risk,—I alluded to Miss Mitchell !”

Though I know that he expected the name, he seemed thunderstruck for a moment! He hastily turned away his head from me, and it was with an effort he composed himself to speak again.

“Miss Mitchell!” he repeated, as if surprised; then added, in a low tone, and with something of anxiety, “What have you to say against *her*? I have spoken to you this day as I never spoke to one in your station before! Beware, Dwyer, how you tamper with my confidence; and take care what you say!”

“I am but a servant, to be sure,” I answered firmly; “but I hope I am a conscientious one; and you may believe it, sir! I will say nothing but what I consider the truth. Nor will any regard for your honour’s feelings hinder me from speaking the full truth on that subject, as far as I think and believe. Your honour asks me what I have to say against that lady? Then I say, and fearlessly, that she is a most unamiable woman! and,

if I have breath in my body, and can see the sky before me, she is artful, designing, and unprincipled ! ”

“ Unprincipled ! ” exclaimed Sir Charles, starting fiercely round on me, and setting his teeth together.

“ Yes ! sir,” cried I, no way daunted, for my blood was up in righteousness ; “ and the man that will marry her will rue it ! Is she not making discord in the family, and staying in the very house, against the wishes of the ladies ? There is both meanness and want of goodness ! But the first sight I got of her, I noticed, marked, and never forgot, the expression of her eyes ; and the devil is in them, depend upon ’t ! Oh, sir ! ” I continued, with earnestness, “ how could you pass over that beautiful, sweet girl, that carries goodness in her very looks ? ”

“ Miss Arnold ? ” cried Sir Charles, starting from a reverie of no pleasant nature.

“ Yes, sir,” I replied. “ And I think I would beg with her before I would wear a crown with the other ! ”

“ That is over ! ” he hastily answered. “ I

found she was attached to an officer in town ; and—and—Dwyer !—take care how you abuse my confidence !—she has been imprudent, and, I understand, nearly eloped with him under doubtful circumstances. Now, by Heavens ! if one word of this transpires, I will shoot you dead ! ”

I was confounded ! I then saw the cause of the cessation of intimacy between the families ; and I was as fully assured that it was a vile fabrication of Miss Mitchell's, as I was that I had a head on my shoulders.

“ Begging your honour's pardon,” I said, boldly, “ did you hear that from good authority ? ”

“ I consider it so,” he replied, with a look and manner that forbade farther question.

“ Somehow, I imagine,” resumed the Baronet, after a long pause, “ that this lady—Miss Mitchell—is a frequent topic with you all below stairs, and in connexion with my name, too. Is it so ? ”

I hesitated. I was getting on rather perilous ground ; not perilous to myself, but to others.

"Come! come!" cried Sir Charles, impatiently. "Remember you are to be honest and true! You have gone too far to recede, and I shall expect it from you."

"And you deserve it from me, sir!" I freely answered. "But though I unreservedly tell your honour my own thoughts and belief, I will put it to you, sir,—would it be honest or fair to implicate my fellow-servants? But this much I will say, and it is but barely doing them justice,—there is not a man or woman in the house, but is strongly attached to you; and (judging by myself) I am sure, would think it a sin and shame to see one of your honour's person, youth, rank, and wealth, thrown away on a portionless, mean, ordinary upstart, a ——"

I was stopped by a smart slap on the mouth! I was not angry; for I knew I was going rather too far for pride and grandeur to bear; and my generous master quickly repented of his hastiness.

"Dwyer," said he, in a softened tone,—"I told you not to trespass too far on the license I permitted. I cannot listen to such language

of one that has been an associate of my mother and sisters—if for nothing else.”

“On *that* account, I very humbly beg your honour’s pardon,” I said, touched, and a little ashamed, too.—“I would not have spoken of the lady at all, but only on account of my anxious desire for your honour’s welfare. And, sir, though you have not commanded it, every syllable that has passed between us to-day shall be kept to myself ; and the last words I shall speak are,—May God direct you to that which is best for your lasting happiness ! ” and of my own accord, I lashed the horses into a smart trot, and kept them to that pace till we got into town.

I perceived that I had made some impression on Sir Charles ; and those who had opportunities of observing the parties, remarked that he was much more distant with Miss Mitchell. He took his daily rides, too, once more, and he seemed inclined to avoid her, if he could. But the artful jade doubled on us again ! She affected to pine and mope in melancholy. She let him surprise her in tears ; and, finally, she pretended to take ill—interestingly ill ! And

what young man of one-and-twenty could look with indifference on a young woman pining—dying for love for *him*? The admirable acting took. His warm, young heart was not proof to this appeal. In a very short time after the conversation I have repeated as occurring between the Baronet and me, I was again taken to his confidence.

“Dwyer,” he began, in a thick husky voice, as if he were choking with some inward emotion,—“will you attend me on an—urgent occasion?”

“Certainly, your honour,” I answered, surprised at the question, and at his manner, “certainly, sir, if it were unto death, so it would be for your happiness.”

“I—shall require—one attendant,” he proceeded, still struggling for free utterance,—“and I make choice of you, rather than servants of long standing in our family, because I like you better, and because you know so much. Then, Jim, my boy! be ready, silent, and faithful, and at half-past eleven to-night have the chariot at the gate next town!”

“Sir!——” I hesitated.

"Speak up!" exclaimed Sir Charles hurriedly, as if he were moving away.

"May I ask your honour a question, without giving offence?"

"Yes," he replied quickly, and looking as if he wished himself half-a-mile off.

I looked him steadily in the face, as I asked—"Is your honour to have a *companion*?"

He sternly said "Yes!" and wished to stop me there; but I was not to be put off so easily.

"Do Lady Welde and your sisters, sir, know of this proceeding?"

"Ask me no more questions, sirrah!" he thundered, in assumed fury,—“I thought you had more discretion! If you will attend me, say so; and if you will not, let me know it, and no more!”

"Well, sir," said I, plucking up all my courage for this pinch,—“I told you I would follow you to death, for your happiness; but I will not attend you to destruction! I care not if you strike me, sir! My plain speaking must show you that all I care for is your interest; if it were otherwise, I would make but little opposition to your wishes. What need have



I? I have an indulgent, kind master; and so he pleases himself, what need I care to whom he sacrifices himself, or whether he is happy or miserable in his married life? But I am not one of those worldly persons, and at no time will I sacrifice my principle for my interest! So, your honour, be you angry, or not angry, I plainly tell you that I will not see you throw yourself away, and injure the peace and respectability of your noble family! Some other of the servants may not have my scruples, though all will be equally grieved; and all I can say is—as I have said before—may God lead you to happiness!” I turned quickly away from him, tears rushing into my eyes.

He was wounded to the quick, but he was greatly touched too. He plainly saw that I was disinterestedly attached to him, and my value rose considerably.

“And you refuse to attend me, Jim!” he said, after a pause, and in a hurt, reproachful tone; “*you*, that I really believed would stay by me to the last? But since I have committed myself to you, and as ’tis probable you know all their sentiments, which of those

high and mighty brothers of the shoulder-knot shall I request to favour me with his company? Which do you consider most trustworthy? That is the question."

I replied, that "I thought Jones, his own man, was most attached to him—if he would go."

"What!" exclaimed the Baronet, with a sarcastic laugh. "Is there a doubt of that? Is he engrafted with your high-flown principles? By George! the tables are turned upon us—the servants are becoming masters!"

"Every one is 'engrafted' with a hatred of the future Lady Welde," I answered stoutly; "and I question if any of them will serve her! As for me, sir, I am just as I was when your honour kindly took me—free as air! If you were reduced from your ten thousand a-year, to the same number of hundreds, or to one, I would follow you through the world, and serve you for nothing, in gratitude for your generous trust and confidence. But I leave you, dear and honoured sir, in the midst of riches, grandeur, and in the hope of happiness! If you ever wish to

hear of me, you can do so, by applying to Mr. Arnold. And before this day twelve-month comes round again, your honour will remember the words of poor Jem O'Dwyer!"

Then turning abruptly away, I ran off with all my speed, to avoid further explanation, and to conceal my deep emotion; and though Sir Charles called, entreated, and commanded me to stop, I only ran the faster! One thundering shout he sent after me, and I hastily turned round; he beckoned, and I waved my hand in token of refusal; he then placed his finger on his lips. I took off my hat as a sign of obedience, and I vanished into the house. I saw him no more that night.

To his own man, Jones, the Baronet next gave his orders. But though he did not explain the motive of his journey at that hour of the night, Jones guessed it, and he was not so faithful as I was. He imparted the secret, and his suspicions, first to me, and then to his sweetheart, Miss Baviere. I knew it by her very unusual gravity, long fits of silence, and occasional exclamations of

"*Mon Dieu !*" "*Mon Dieu !*" all that evening.

But though there was an anxiousness in the valet's looks, and unusual hurry in his movements, not one other individual, beyond the principals, and myself, and mam'selle, had the slightest suspicion of what was about to occur. And when the morning came, and all was known, the house rang with uproar and confusion !

I shall never forget the piercing cries of Lady Welde—for she was a fond indulgent mother, and, bating her few singularities, an excellent woman in the main—or the tears and lamentations of the sisters ! It was, indeed, the house of mourning, and I regretted that I had remained in the house that night, to witness the unavailing grief of the distracted family. Poor Miss Louisa had doted on her brother, and she was more affected than any. But she had a certain solace ; and as soon as recollection returned after the first stunning shock, she flew down to me, and desired me to ride into town for Captain Dickson.

"Have you no note, ma'am?" I asked.

"Oh! no, no!" she wildly answered—"I cannot write! I cannot write! Tell him to come quick—to me!"

I obeyed as quickly as mortal man could do, and I galloped into town on poor "Spunk," as fast as she could stretch it. Saw Captain Dickson, and from the state of the mare, and from my looks, he apprehended something terrible.

"Any one ill?" he asked, turning pale.

"No, no, sir!" I answered quickly.—"All well in health, but in very poor spirits. Miss Louisa requests you will be kind enough to come to Welde Park as soon as possible; in fact, sir, without delay!"

All flurry and agitation, the Captain called for his horse, and ran into the house to prepare himself. He was quickly mounted, and after dashing rather too rapidly through the streets, just as we got into the suburbs, he pulled up, to ask me what was the matter.

I thought it idle to affect ignorance, and I told him the whole affair. He was confounded and shocked, but certainly not much surprised.

“By Heaven!” the Captain exclaimed, “he’s the most d—ble dupe in the kingdom. She’s a vile wretch as *I* know!” Then putting spurs to his horse, he never quitted the gallop till we got inside the gate of Welde Park. We met Miss Louisa in the avenue. The Captain sprang off, and in her distraction forgetting that I was present, the poor young creature flung herself into his arms, and wept her grief upon his bosom. Without asking orders, I took his horse, and cantered on to the stables, leaving the lovers to themselves.

My duties at Welde Park were now ended; and I had only to make known my intention of leaving to the servants, and to bid them farewell. I had always declared that I would not remain if Sir Charles should take the step he did, and they were not surprised when they saw me prepared to act up to my words. One and all expressed their regret, and those that did not intend to go themselves, advised me to wait, and see how the new mistress would get on. But after what had burst from Captain Dickson, in his hurry and confusion, I was more than ever disgusted with the wretch that

had broke up the peace of the family ; and I could not bring myself to treat her with even the outward show of respect she would require from her station, which I should do if I remained. I therefore held firm to my purpose, and I would have gone immediately, but that they all got about me, entreating me to remain that one day with them, and I could not refuse. Besides, I wished to see the ladies' maids, who were all day occupied up stairs with Lady Welde, who was taken ill and confined to her apartment. In the evening, however, I got an opportunity to speak to Miss Mason.

She was, as I have told you, a quiet, steady, sweet-tempered young woman. Whenever I required advice, on a matter I was doubtful of, to her I always applied ; and she was always ready to attend to me, nay, showed a little tremor of interest whenever I spoke to her, which, though it gratified me, gave me no concern, as I was far from being aware how far matters had gone. On this occasion, after commenting on the late unpleasant occurrence, and expressing her fears of Sir Charles's future life,

she "wondered he did not confide in me, rather than in Jones ; I was so very different, and he seemed to like me so much."

I considered myself at liberty to tell her, as all was then over, and I repeated all that had passed between Sir Charles and me on the subject. "And now," said I, "I have nothing more to do, or say, but bid you all farewell! Yet I have been so happy here, so pleasant, it will be a great sacrifice to me to leave it. I hope you wont forget me when I'm gone?"

I said this merely as a matter of course. But poor Miss Mason did not take it so, and without making me any reply, she suddenly burst into a passion of tears! I was quite confounded. But I was not puzzled, as in the case of Mrs. Butler—for I was but a novice then—and I plainly saw, that underneath that usually still and calm exterior, there was a depth of untold love for one that could never return it! Yes! I saw that poor Jim was dearer to that good, gentle soul, than he had till then known or wished. What was I to say?—what do under such circumstances? Nothing! And



it was a grace from fate when one of the servants came into the hall, for then the gentle Mary had to retire.

I was disturbed and grieved at the discovery of her attachment, but I was not undecided how to act, now that I was out of her presence. I esteemed her most highly, but I had no liking ; and even if I had—could I forget my promise to the interesting little widow ? Yet Miss Mason would be a better match for me. She was of a respectable family, well educated, and had saved a good deal of money ; which, with her excellent disposition, sense, and steadiness, would make her an admirable wife. But what of all that ? I had no *love*, I was pre-engaged ; and my best and only course was to do exactly as I was about to do—leave the house.

Whilst I was pacing up and down the hall, grieving for the kind girl's misplaced fancy, and asking myself what there was about me to attract the serious love of serious women, Mam'selle ran in quite out of breath,—“*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* you going to leave de house ? And den poor Marie (Miss Mason)

will have her heart broke! Ah! she's in the terrible way for you! In de hush of de night she often call out your name! Ah, poor Marie!"

Mam'selle looked so interesting with her cheek paled, and her fine eyes filled with tears, from sympathy for her friend, and sorrow for my going, that I could not resist the impulse of the moment, and catching her in my arms, "I wished it was for herself she spoke."

"Ah, you love *me*, den?" she exclaimed, her vivid imagination instantly concluding that it was for love of her that I was insensible to Marie. She then delicately broke to me what I was long aware of, that she was engaged to Jones. And as I could not have herself, she entreated me to have pity on her friend. But I soon settled that matter by telling her, that I also was engaged whenever I chose to marry. I saw Miss Mason no more. Next morning when I was leaving Welde Park, amidst the tears and good wishes of the household, not even excepting old Clark—the last words I heard were those of the voluble but kind little Frenchwoman calling after me—

“Adieu! adieu! Jacques! if any littel ting should happen poor Jones, where will I get de news of you?”

I laughed, kissed my hand, and retreated So I could have had the reversion of Mam’selle, too!

## CHAPTER III.

SERVANTS have a couple of pithy sayings that they repeat when they are in dudgeon, or in distress. "God help us! Service is no inheritance!" and "We are as near to the door as the dog!" Doubtless, a compulsory ejection from comfortable quarters aggravates the bitterness of being put to the door. Yet I, though self-banished, somewhat too rashly, perhaps; and had the proud consciousness of having committed no crime, sufficiently felt the homelessness and unpermanency of service too; and I could not avoid saying to myself—

"Alas! service is no inheritance. I am out on the world again. I have lost my nice comfortable bed,—my excellent dinners, my pleasant evening recreations, my fine horse to ride out whenever I pleased, and the smiling, friendly faces with which I've been associated so

long. I shall now be thrown among strangers, and it will be great good luck, indeed, if I ever meet with such another situation as I have left and such respectable, orderly, safe fellow-servants. Well, it is my own fault, and there is no use in grieving. If I do not get a place through my friend Mr. Arnold, I will do as Jones recommended me—I will try the columns of ‘Saunders’s Newsletter and Daily Advertiser.’ ”

These and similar reflections occupied my mind as I threaded my way into Dublin after leaving Welde Park ; and as Mam’selle Baviere’s pleasant smiles, Miss Mason’s gentle manners, the little tiger’s warm attachment, the housemaids’ caresses, Jones, the coachman, and Gilbert’s friendship, dwelt upon my recollection, my mother’s softness came into my eyes, and I let the rushing wind carry off a dozen sighs to “those I left behind me.”

I steered direct to Merrion Square to let Mr. Arnold know that I was out of place ; and, as he still retained Mr. St. George’s letter, to beg his good offices to obtain me a berth. He received me with his usual friendliness ; was

much surprised to find that I had left Sir Charles, and burst into a roar of laughter when I told him the reason.

"Bell! Bell!" cried he as he opened the door of the study and shouted to the opposite apartments—

"Come quick till I tell the news."

Miss Arnold immediately obeyed the summons, her fine eyes sparkling with expectation.

"Your friend, Sir Charles Welde, has taken heart, and has carried off Miss Mitchell!"

"Good Heaven," exclaimed the young lady, and grew very red. "Is it possible?—is it really true?"

"It is quite true, ma'am," said I; "they left Welde Park together, the night before last, between eleven and twelve o'clock."

"There is a lift for a companion!" cried the counsellor; "there was clever management, faith!"

"And had Lady Welde, or the young ladies, no suspicion of their attachment?" asked Miss Arnold, who appeared a good deal dismayed at the intelligence.

"I believe, ma'am," I answered, "that the

ladies thought he paid her too much attention, but they had no suspicion that it would end as it did."

"A hired carriage and horses, I suppose?" said Mr. Arnold.

"No, sir, his own carriage and horses."

"And had he no attendants?"

"He had Mr. Jones, his own man, sir."

"And did he leave 'Jim' behind him?" poor 'Jim,' whom he could n't move without, some short time ago?"

"Poor 'Jim,' sir, was too much attached to his master to wish to see him make a fool of himself, and he refused to attend him."

"And he asked you?"

"He did, sir," I answered, a little proudly. "I was the first his honour ever spoke to on the subject."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the counsellor, and slapping me on the shoulder, "I give you credit for your spirit! and I like you better than ever. I am sorry for Sir Charles," continued Mr. A., "though I have some reason to be displeased with him. He visited here for some weeks, constantly, as you know, and, all at

once, he broke off our acquaintance, without any reason or excuse that I am aware of, excepting whim."

I significantly shook my head, as I observed, "that there were those about him, that would not scruple to say or do anything to forward their own schemes; and that I knew for certain, that Sir Charles was prevented, by some falsehoods, from paying his addresses to a beautiful young lady, whom he greatly admired, and to whom his family, and all who wished him well, would gladly have seen him united."

The brother and sister looked full at each other. "I knew very little of Miss Mitchell, or Lady Welde, as I suppose we must now call her," observed the counsellor quietly. "But she seemed to me a very unreal sort of person, and but ill adapted to Sir Charles's open nature."

"She was as different from him as darkness from light!" I warmly answered. "My master was all truth, honour, openness, and generosity; and she was all art, design, meanness, and maliciousness,—and there's the truth."



I now rose up,—for I had been sitting, by the counsellor's desire,—thinking that I had staid as long as I ought; and, requesting Mr. Arnold's kind assistance, to get me a place, I made my bow to him and Miss Arnold, and was about to depart, but he would not permit me to leave the house. I should stay with him, he said, till he could get me a comfortable home; as he had promised Mr. St. George that he would be a friend to me whenever I should require his assistance. "And really, 'Jim,'" concluded he, "I like you better than ever, for your part in the last disgraceful business!"

Behold me now a guest in counsellor Arnold's fine mansion in Merrion-square, and well received by his very respectable domestics! I was doing nothing, had plenty of money in my pocket, and I might walk about like a gentleman, at my leisure. And what I thought as agreeable as any, I had leisure to gaze undisturbed at the beautiful Miss Arnold. Don't think I had any impertinent thoughts, beyond admiring the matchless handiwork of the Creator! That young lady did me the honour to

converse often about the Welde family ; and, as there was nothing giddy or thoughtless about her,—for though she was affable she was dignified,—I was more than ever convinced that what Sir Charles had been told about her, was a vile fabrication ; and I was more than ever enraged at the —— what shall I call her ?—that had snapped him up from all that was good and lovely !

I had been about a week at Merrion Square, when, one morning, after my return from a visit to my widow in Duke Street, Mr. Arnold's footman told me that a person from Sir Charles Welde had been inquiring for me ; and that, disappointed in meeting me, he said he would call again at two. It was Jones. He brought me a full year's wages from Sir Charles, although I had served him but seven months ; and a full and highly flattering "character." "And that is more," said Jones, "than he ever wrote for any servant with his own hand."—"God reward the dear gentleman !" cried I, with my whole heart. "She has not corrupted him yet !"

"And they have returned from their tour ?"

"They have," said Jones, "but not to Welde Park. Sir Charles has taken a fine house in town, and means to set off in splendid style ! But he has given Welde Park to his mother and sisters, while they wish to live in it, or for her ladyship's life."

"That is like him, too," said I. "If she lets him follow the bent of his nature in that way, I believe we must forgive her. And how do they get on ?"

"Oh ! like two doves, billing and-cooing ; I'm sick of it. He thinks her as handsome as the Venus of *Maditchy*, and she thinks him, or pretends to think him, the 'Pollo. But that's all in my eye."

"And why so ?" cried I ; "surely it's natural she should admire and love a handsome young fellow, now that he is all her own."

"By Jupiter !" said the valet, carelessly, "I think she admires myself. I think I could rival my master if I would."

I was shocked. I knew the fellow was vain and presuming, and I spoke to him angrily enough.

"Fie, fie !" I cried ; "never let such non-

sense enter your head, or cross your lips. For your kind master's sake speak of her as well as you can, and better than you can ; and above all things, let him respect his wife as long as possible."

"I sha'n't prevent him," he returned coolly, and not abashed at my reproof. "I am going to cut the concern altogether. Captain Dickson is to be married to Miss Louisa next week ; and I and Sophie Baviere will follow their example and accompany them to England. Sophie would not live with the new-made Lady Welde, nor will I stop with Sir Charles, when she would not ; so all is settled. And so, my dear young Solomon, we may not meet again for a while."

I did not see any more of the Welde family, or their domestics, for several months. I was in constant dread of meeting Sir Charles and his lady in their drives through town, and I kept as far as possible from the quarter they inhabited. But luckily I escaped seeing them, and soon after I was interested in concerns which left me no time or thoughts to bestow on them, or others, for a while.

For another fortnight I remained at Mr. Arnold's, with no sign of getting a situation. He did his utmost for me, when he thought about it ; but he was a lawyer, and was busy, and I did not wish to press him on the subject. I was treated with all possible kindness—by the servants, as one of their household, and by Mr. and Miss Arnold as quite an humble friend. But still I felt as an idle person, in the way, and I much wished to be employed. Constant were my inquiries, and hourly were my prayers; and at last, and when I least expected it, Providence opened another door for me, and in the most curious possible way.

Whilst I remained in Merrion Square, and had nothing to do, I was always most respectably dressed—in coloured clothes, of course, and these of the best and most fashionable cut. At night I occasionally went to the theatre, but in the day I had no way of amusing myself but in lounging about the city, studying men and manners as well as I could. In one of my strolls round Stephen's Green one morning, I was sauntering carelessly along, *whistling* an air I had frequently heard Mam'selle Baviere

sing. I had gone over it twice, and was about to repeat it a third time, when I heard quick steps following me, and then falter a little behind. I thought nothing of this, so I continued my tune with all its variations. Little did I dream what that tune was to bring about for me!

When I had concluded, the footsteps came alongside, and turning hastily round, I found myself addressed by an elderly gentleman, of small size, thin, prominent features, and very animated countenance.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the gentleman, politely raising his hat, "but I must take leave to observe, that *that* was one of the sweetest airs I ever heard, and that you whistled it most admirably. Could I—would it be too great a liberty to beg you would perform it once again? I am passionately fond of music; and wherever I hear a tune that attracts me, whether sung, whistled, or played upon an instrument, I must have it off if I can."

Much astonished—as may be supposed—I stared at the speaker, to see if he were serious in his strange request; and perceiving that he

was quite so, and even impatient, and I being of an obliging disposition, without more ado, and disregarding the singularity of my situation, I once more commenced to whistle the air, though I could hardly keep my lips in the necessary position, so much was I moved to mirthfulness at the circumstance altogether. When I had finished, the gentleman very warmly thanked me for my politeness, and begged to know the name of the tune.

"Really, sir," said I, "I do not know its name; but I should fancy that it is a foreign air. I heard it from a Frenchwoman, living at Welde Park, the seat of Sir Charles Welde."

"Ha! you know Sir Charles?"

"I had the honour to *serve* him, sir," I modestly replied,—and really, Tom, you must allow me some credit for my self-denial,—it was plain I was taken for a gentleman!

"To serve him?" the stranger repeated, as if surprised. "In what capacity, pray?"

"As groom, sir, 'specially to attend on the baronet."

"Ha! then you were not an inside servant?"

"Not with Sir Charles, sir, but I have been elsewhere."

The next question was asked with considerable eagerness ; "If I were then disengaged ?"

"Quite so," I answered, and somewhat elated. "I stop at Counsellor Arnold's, in Merrion Square, who will be happy to recommend me to any gentleman inclined to take me into his service."

"I know him ! I know him !" said my new acquaintance quickly, "it is quite enough. We'll not enter into particulars here ; but call to Mr. Hammerton, at No. — Bagot Street, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock precisely, and we will settle all necessary matters. Don't forget No. — Bagot Street, and twelve o'clock—sharp. And good morning," and he walked off rapidly, attempting to whistle the air he had heard from me.

In great glee I returned to the square, to recount my good luck. The first person I saw was Miss Arnold, and I immediately told her of my strange encounter and its consequences. She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.



"That is so like him!" she exclaimed.

"You know the gentleman, ma'am?" I rather anxiously inquired.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" she replied, blushing and still laughing. "Mr. Hammerton is a very respectable person, and very wealthy. But he is quite an enthusiast in musical affairs, and it will be well if he does not infect you with his mania."

I said that "I was fond of music."

"Oh! in that case," said the young lady, "you will agree remarkably well. He has discharged several out of his employment, for want of *taste*, and I hope you will suit him."

My next inquiry was, "If he had much family?"

"He is a bachelor," Miss Arnold replied, again blushing, and inclined to laugh; "but he occasionally has a nephew and niece with him, both agreeable and amiable. So you will have an easy time with him. Though I fear you will think yourself thrown away."

I next mentioned the matter to Counsellor Arnold.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, rather contemptuously, "you will be lost with him. He's a harmless man, indeed, and rich and respectable, but he's musically mad, and he'll undoubtedly annoy you. Wait awhile longer, Jim. I've been busy of late, and had not time to work for you as I ought; but I will now do my best for you, depend upon it."

But I pleaded, that as Providence had unexpectedly provided an easy situation for me, I felt inclined to try it, and, at the same time, I expressed my sense of all his and Miss Arnold's liberality and kindness. He reluctantly acquiesced, and the following morning I went to Baggot Street.

Mr. Hammerton evidently expected me. He opened the door to me himself, and kindly greeted me.

"Come! come!" cried he, "I'm impatient to instal you in your office!" and hurried me into an apartment so crowded with musical instruments, that had I not been told that he was a gentleman devoted to musical pursuits, I should have set him down as owner of a music-warehouse. There was a piano, harp,

violin, violoncello, guitar, flute, clarionet, flageolet, &c., and to suit all these, heaps of printed music scattered all around the room ; besides a pile of music-books, in one corner, fully as high as my hips.

"In this room," cried Mr. Hammerton, gaily, as if he had prepared an undoubted treat for me, "you will find your sole employment !"

"Am I to dust those things, sir ?" I inquired.

"*Dust* them ?" repeated the amateur drawing himself up proudly. "No ! no ! there are others for such employment, you shall be much more honourably engaged. You possess an admirable ear—and you could hardly be more highly gifted !—and also some taste, as your capital execution of the French air assures me ; and as such attributes are desideratums I have long sighed for in one of your class and calling I hail your presence, and at once place you upon the throne of judgment ! (smiling complacently). Your sole duty will be to listen, eagerly, watchfully listen to me, while I perform on those various instruments in turn ; and to give your best opinion on *which* I *excel* ; to hear me sing, and to assist me in the

choice of my songs, and when I perform on a portable instrument, as the guitar, flute or violin, you are to attend me with the music-book spread open upon your breast—thus—and to stop at my convenience in such places as I may wish to consult it. Now you know your duties—what remuneration do you demand?”

“Really, sir,” said I, hardly able to look him in the face, “as I never had the honour to be so employed before, I am in doubt if I am fitted for it.”

“No one better!—No one better!” interrupted the enthusiast eagerly. “I should be a judge now. Why there’s an exquisite sensibility to music in your eyes. Will thirty guineas a year and every possible indulgence satisfy you? I gave but twenty to the last dunder-head, and ’twas too much for such a tasteless brute? Would you believe it?—he used to *fall asleep* while I was singing! Will thirty content you?”

“Fully, sir,” I answered. “I will ask no more.” And, indeed, I thought he gave too much. Then like most others, who will take an ell when they get an inch, I should pre-

sume on his liberality, and ask for an hour or two daily to take a walk and see my friends.

"Undoubtedly," said my new master, "you may take a race every day if you choose. I make it a rule to take a constitutional walk daily, and I was returning from one, when I met you yesterday. And, besides, I frequently dine out at scientific clubs and other places, and you will have those evenings to yourself. But I warn you, if there's any musical meeting in view, any concert at which I am to perform, I will keep you very close to your duties indeed. Moreover, I beg to give you a little advice. Beware how you get fond of drinking, or fall into improper company, lest by dissipation you injure the organ of *hearing*. Keep the senses undisturbed, I beseech you; for on these depend all. And now amuse yourself for the remainder of the day." He then jerked out of the room, and out of the house, to take his "constitutional walk," leaving me bewildered, amused, and hardly certain if all I had heard was real!

"And, Jim O'Dwyer, my darlint!" cried I, as I seated myself at my ease on a luxurious

lounge, the only article of furniture in the room, "is it here you are to spend your days with a musical madman, and amongst musical instruments, to tell him on which he 'excels;' to hear him singing, and to follow him as a walking music-desk up and down the room, and wherever he takes a fancy to go?—Ha! ha! ha! Well it will be for me, indeed, as Miss Arnold said, if I don't be infected with the mania; and equally as well if I don't be kicked out of the house, like my predecessor, the 'dunder-head,' for falling asleep while my master is singing! He warns me not to drink, lest I injure the organ of hearing. But I much mistake, if the organ will not be more injured by his constant playing upon it! God send me a happy deliverance!"

I next sallied forth to take a peep at my fellow-servants. The moment I saw them I resolved to keep up my dignity and distance. There were three,—a cook, butler, and house-maid,—all hideous-looking, and, though it was but the middle of the day, I found that they had all been drinking. I asked to be shown to the bed-chamber appropriated to me; and

the housemaid, dressing her face in the most captivating grimaces, staggered up stairs before me, and led the way to a room on the attics. Here she leered in my face, and "Protested that I was welcome,—that I was a very nice pretty young man, and so like a gentleman that she wondered I would live with old Doctor Fiddlestring, if I could do any better for myself."

Cutting short her speech, I desired her, in a peremptory tone, to provide a better apartment for me ; observing that I was accustomed to clean, decent lodgings, and—company !

As I expected, she quickly gave up *praising* me ; she, indeed, lost all temper and decency, and while leading the way down stairs to a better bedchamber, she abused me very heartily.

"Oh, dear ! what a gentleman we are, with our watch-seals, and our Willintons ! We could n't sleep on a sarvint's bed ! We must sleep on the same floor with the quality ! We lived with a juke last—I'm sure !" And so on, to all of which I made no reply. I was sick and disgusted with her manner and ap-

pearance, and with them all ; and I was not surprised that, on further acquaintance, I found them to be finished rogues, — robbing their unsuspecting master in every way they possibly could. I then saw with dismay, that anything like society or companionship, I could not expect in that house ; and that if I found out no amusement for myself, I should lead a weary life, indeed. And how should I pass my time with my strange master ? I had been accustomed to youth, gaiety, and a degree of familiarity with my former employers, because I was not inclined to presume upon it, or go beyond due bounds. And how was I to conduct myself with this little, old, shrivelled fellow, who could think or talk of nothing upon earth but *music*,—that I knew nothing about ? “ To be sure,” thought I, “ I may calculate upon a frequent laugh at his expense, while the novelty of his oddities lasts ; and then what will become of me ? ” But there was no use in fretting myself. I had hired myself with the gentleman ; he offered liberally ; and I had no other situation in view. I, therefore, resolved upon staying for one quarter, at



all events, taking it, as we take our wives, "for better or worse."

Next morning my duties commenced.

"Now, my friend, prepare to listen!" cried the amateur, all in a bustle, and seating himself at the pianoforte. He rapidly ran his fingers over the keys, rattled away at a furious rate for some minutes; then, turning to me (his face glistening with perspiration, the effects of his exertions), he demanded to hear "What I thought of the performance?"

"Very grand, sir!" I replied, at a venture.

"Exactly!" he exclaimed, with a triumphant air,—“grand, it is! It is one of Handel's finest pieces!"

It seemed I had made a good hit. But, for my rustic ears, I would rather have had "Moll Tierny!"

He next started up, and flew to the harp. He commenced operations with such violence that he broke a string!

"Confound it!" he impatiently exclaimed,—“could n't it hold for a while? But it is not an important one,—I may go on.” And he twanged and strummed with a fury that I

thought would demolish the instrument in a very short space. The rattling over the notes of the piano was an indescribable jumble of sounds, that no one could characterize or listen to, if one could avoid it; but the harsh, discordant clanging of the harp, grated shockingly on the ear, and happy I was when the amateur rushed from it to try his skill on another instrument! He tried all in succession, and I was called on for "judgment."

"Now, you have heard all,—on *which* do I excel?"

All the late jingling, clanging, scraping, blowing, twanging, and squealing, was still in my ears, and, bewildered with the medly, I could not immediately reply. I saw he was beginning to be impatient.

"I'm *considering*, sir," I said, in alarm.

"If you are at all dubious, as the best judges will sometimes be," observed the musician, "I shall go over each again with great pleasure!"

"No occasion, sir!" I cried, in a greater fright,—*"I decide for the guitar!"*

Oh, unfortunate hour, that I did so! This

was one of the "portable" instruments, and while performing on it, he would require the "walking music-desk." But that was not all. The guitar was merely an accompaniment for the voice, and by making choice of it, I had inflicted a twofold annoyance on myself.

"Come, then, my lad!" pursued my now happy master, when he had heard my decision,—"the guitar let it be! Search me, among that pile of music-books yonder, for the music for the *guitar*."

As directed, I proceeded to a pyramid of a yard-and-half high, and, after some rummaging, I thought I had found the one he required.

"Here, sir, it is," said I.

"Very well," said he, and slinging the ribbon of the guitar over his shoulder, "now open the book, and poise it on your breast, as I told you, and follow me."

With measured steps the performer marched up the room, with me pacing at his heels, until he stopped short, and faced me. "Open the book at the second air."

"I have done so, sir."

"Hold it close. What is it?"

“Paddy Carey!”

“Oh, stupid and barbarous!” screamed the amateur, in vexation, “that is the music for the violin! And that the most execrable country-dance in the book! But you are a beginner,—I forgive you! Bring me the music for the guitar. Its cover is blue, and a Spanish maiden is its frontispiece.”

My next essay was nearly as unfortunate, for I brought a strapping sailor’s wife,—the frontispiece of one of Dibden’s songs,—for the “Spanish maiden!”

“Ah! stupid again!” he screamed, and stamped his foot. “Have you eyes?”

I saw that he was getting angry, and I tried to please him. At last I succeeded. And my business during that day was to stalk up and down—up and down a tolerably large room, till my legs were as weary as if I had been running all round Dublin! Happily, at four o’clock, dinner was announced. And never was a meal more welcome! Not that I was at all hungry; but to be relieved, if for only one hour, from the infliction of the “music” and “singing” of Mr. Hammerton! I know not

what sort of voice that gentleman may have had in his youth. But it was then broken and stridulous ; and the eternal clatter of one brass candlestick against another would be melody compared with it ! *One* song was nearly insupportable. What, then, must have been the sufferings of a poor creature obliged to listen to *three dozen* ? and condemned, besides, to give an immediate opinion on his excellence ? Oh misericordia ! misericordia !

I then felt that thirty guineas would not be sufficient remuneration, and I was resolved to demand fifty, or I assuredly would run away. But, bad as it was, to be constrained to sit quietly to listen to him murdering three or four dozen songs and their music, it would not be quite so intolerable, if he were content to give them naturally, off-hand, and without graces (as he called them). But, no ! Besides allowing them all their required quavers, shakes, and flourishes, he would "suit the action to the word," or all was lost ! And what with his quavers and demi-semi-quavers ; his gestures, contortions, and grimaces ; it was an ordeal too dreadful for human nature to stand,

without dropping on the floor in a dangerous fit of laughter,—be excited to hysterics or tortured into frenzy! Fortunately for me, my outraged sensibilities took the cachinnatory course, without any harm occurring; and, as the amateur's vanity and self-conceit were unbounded, I had only to raise the music-book to my face, and let him suppose that I was weeping,—an involuntary tribute to the pathos of his tones, and the sweetness of his execution! And, after enduring all this, I should have my wits about me, and, on the instant, tell him in which song he was most ravishingly effective! In two words I could have answered him, if I dared! But, after being long tormented, I contented myself with observing to him, that “I thought he had too many on his hands at once; and that if he stuck to one or two, and practised them solely, till he was perfect,—that no heart could stand him!” He was quite charmed with my remarks, and freely admitted that he thought he was too indiscriminate; and finally begged me to point out which songs I would recommend!

At random I chose two of Moore's melodies,

off-hand convivial songs. But he was not satisfied with them.

"One of them I will choose," said Mr. Hammerton, "as I shortly may be called upon for a convivial stave. But the other must be touchingly tender — an amatory affair altogether. The air of 'Oh weep for the hour,' suits me admirably, but the words are inapplicable."

"Oh! indeed," thought I, "I will weep for the hour that I ever came near you!"

Such, then, were my duties; such my business. If I were a mere idle, unconscientious sort of fellow, content with eating the bread of idleness, however come by, I might have been happy enough; but I was not. I was young, active, and well-inclined; and I knew that I was quite thrown away. But, though I was discontented, dissatisfied, and weary, I would not break my word—even with a madman. One quarter I would remain; and, as one day was but a copy of the other, two months passed over in the routine I have described.

And even two months can affect a sensitive

and susceptible person. It was not to be wondered at if my mind in some respects conformed itself to the situation : I lived in an atmosphere of music and song, and it was next to impossible for me to escape being influenced by such associations. Seldom from home, and having no one companion within doors with whom I could exchange a pleasant word, solely occupying an apartment full of instruments of sweet sounds, and surrounded with amatory songs and music, I felt that my mind became enervated in some degree, and daily surrendered its manlier tone. Thrown upon myself for amusement, I fed upon what was next at hand ; and at last not only fed, but *feasted* on what was anything in the world but wholesome food. I eagerly turned over all Moore's and *Little's* songs. I read and re-read them ; dwelt upon each word, and thought upon each sentiment, till I was filled to overflowing with a deleterious mixture of romance and passion ! I felt that I had never really loved as yet, that the "poetry of life" was still unknown to me. And at length, scorning the unromantic tie that bound me to Mrs. Butler, I longed for a youth-



ful creature, unhackneyed and plastic, on whom I could fix my whole soul, and bind her in my heart's chain,—the first that ever bound her! Such a being I conceived in fancy, for such a one I panted, and of such a one I nightly dreamt, yet in my present abode was hopeless of meeting. Don't laugh, but pity me. Remember my circumstances and my age—not much more than twenty, and know, that if I was giving way to virtue-endangering, peace-consuming folly, there was then preparing for me a cruel punishment, even in the full gratification of my wishes.

## CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS the close of the second month of my residence with Mr. Hammerton, his niece and nephew came up to town; I rejoiced that there was an addition to the family, and these promised to be agreeable. Mr. Frank Hammerton was a gay, light-hearted, thoughtless scapegrace, rattling and boisterous, of about my own age. His sister about two years his junior, delicate in health, and pensive in manner. She was what is generally called interesting. She was tall, slight to a degree; her face fair and delicately pale; her features pretty and delicate; and with eyes large, and of a deep blue, and which you would imagine would sometimes *spread*, as it were, and fill with a light you could neither compare to the sun, or the diamond. It was a looking beyond this world that was in them!

Of course, the house became something gayer after their arrival. Some visitors called upon Miss Hammerton, and for a while there was a little stir kept up, but it soon died away. When it was known that she had come merely on account of her health to consult the physicians, and that she would neither accept invitations, nor receive company, they soon dropped off—worldly friendship showed itself; and after a week there was but little observable difference in our family. Quiet, pensive, and silent, this young lady stole through the house; and for a while she rather made me more melancholy than relieved the tedium of my life. She drooped perceptibly; and with her flaxen hair, pale, wan features, and white garments, she constantly reminded me of a spirit, lent for a little while to earth, and shortly to be withdrawn. Like her uncle, she too was an enthusiast in music, but a very different performer. She played exquisitely on both harp and piano; and though from delicate health her voice was low, it was of thrilling sweetness and pathos. She aimed at no flourishes or graces. From the heart she poured forth her

notes, and with unerring power they went to the heart. No one could hear her unmoved.

Miss Hammerton's arrival made no change in my position ; the music-room was still my place. And as if I were a stock or stone, without eyes or ears, taste or feeling, after enduring all the tortures the uncle inflicted upon me, I should remain there still, exposed to the danger of forgetting myself and everything in listening to the enchanting performance of the niece !

At first, I was grateful for the privilege, and felt unmingled pleasure. But, daily for hours, beholding this interesting girl, bending over her harp or piano; drawing melting, thrilling tones from them—as well as she could—or pouring out her soul in sweet and touching song, was rather too much for one of my temperament and position, and I felt that my place was not there ! And she lived but in that room. She had no companions ; her brother was constantly out with his associates, and her uncle frequently dined out, or spent his evenings elsewhere. She then had nothing to solace her but her instruments and music ;

but devoted as she was to her enchanting pursuits, she seemed not to care for other society or amusement. And in that room she stayed! The most tender songs she invariably chose; *love* was in them, but oftener death, or both connected. And without bestowing a thought upon the poor, frail human being, daily and hourly alone with her, at liberty to gaze unmarked upon her fading beauty, and drinking in an angel's song, she was doing all that woman need do to deprive me of my senses! And I do confess it, the time had come! mysterious, thrilling, entrancing passion had wound me up to utter forgetfulness of what I was, or where I was! I knew nothing at last, but that there was youth and loveliness before me, and that I had a heart in my bosom, and was a man!

I now gave up all thoughts of recreation, all exercise—I never left the house. In my anxiety to get back to my post in the music-room, I ate but half my meals. If she were in the room before me, I entered like a criminal, faltering and confused, as if I was conscious of committing a crime; and if she were absent,

and if I presently heard her almost noiseless step returning, I would become as pale as death, and hardly able to stand, cling to some object for support, though her presence was my only life! If she passed me without notice, and spoke not, my heart swelled within me, and I vainly tried to preserve composure; and if she addressed me, in striving to answer my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I was inarticulate! My appearance was at length so changed, hardly any one would know me. I grew pale and thin in the extreme, from want of exercise in the open air, not eating my usual portion of food, but, above all, from various conflicting emotions. Mr. Arnold called one morning, and on seeing me he started back in amaze! He said nothing while the Hammertons were present, but he seized a moment when he was leaving, to ask "what misfortune had befallen me?" He pressed me home on that point. But as I dared not tell him the *truth*, nor let him suspect it, if I could help it, I answered that I had been lately unwell.

"Take care of yourself!" said the counsellor,

significantly; "I do not like your looks. Let me see you sometimes in the Square—I wish to talk to you."

I had not noticed my altered appearance till told of it by Mr. A. and others, but I felt that I was drooping, losing appetite and strength, and I knew no remedy. I did not know that love would lead to danger, and at that time I was not sufficiently fearful to fly from its object. I had prayed for something to dote upon, and I had it before me! What more did I want! I do believe I would have been satisfied with looking and loving in silence, had not my peculiar fate placed me in circumstances to be tried as no man could be tried, and hold firm. What language speaks so eloquently of love as music? What so prepares the heart to love as music? A beautiful song and a fine voice enchant us, though the singer may have been indifferent to us. Think what is their effect from those we love!

There was one song in the music books of Mr. Hammerton that particularly struck me. I immediately caught up the words in my memory, but I had never heard the air, and

I passionately longed to hear Miss Hammerton sing it. I dared not ask her however. It was a song peculiarly touching and applicable to one with my feelings ; and I thought that if the music was at all adapted to the exquisite words—poetry nor music could not surpass it in the expression of passion ! I studied it, till the words were ever ready to burst from my lips ! At length, unable to conquer my desire to know the air, I hit upon a plan which I thought might succeed. I could not make so free as to ask Miss Hammerton to play it ; but I took advantage of the first opportunity her absence from the music-room gave me : I opened the book at the song, and placed it on the stand of the piano. On her return she perceived the music as I had placed it, she seated herself on the music-stool, and proceeded to read the words in her low, pathetic tones,—

“ How imperfect is expression  
Some emotions to impart,  
When we mean a soft confession,  
And yet seek to hide the heart !  
When our bosoms, all complying,  
With delicious transports swell—  
Beating—broken—faltering—dying—  
Language would, but could not tell !



"Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
 Quite expressive, paints my cheek.  
 Ask no more!—behold your error,  
 Blushes eloquently speak!  
 But, though silent is my anguish—  
 Or breathed only to the air—  
 Mark my eyes!—and, as they languish,  
 Read what you have written there!"

There were fire and passion in every word, you will admit, yet the innocent unsuspecting girl repeated them aloud without any symptom of emotion. She then played the air, the exquisite air, and then commenced to sing it. That was what I wished, and that was what I rued! Perhaps in the annals of song you would not find poetry and music more meetly matched, more rife with passionate tenderness. Sang with taste and feeling by any one, it is overpowering to sensibility. But to a heart throbbing with the emotions it so well describes—

"Beating—broken—faltering—dying,  
 Language would, but could not tell!"

the sensation was agony, and I sank under it! Miss Hammerton had finished, and pleased with the music, she was about to recommence playing it again; but starting forward, I

dared to catch her arm, and wildly flinging myself at her feet, I relieved my overcharged breast with a loud burst of passionate weeping! I think she faintly screamed; but she quite mistook the cause of my emotion. In an earnest, sorrowful voice, she "begged I would excuse her for distressing me! She supposed that I had heard that air or song with some dear and absent friend, and that it painfully reminded me of happier hours!"

But I could no longer leave her in ignorance. The *spell* of the *song* was upon me, and in broken sentences I gasped out—

"Oh! no, no! My feelings respond to every word! I love—I adore you! and I can no longer endure in silence!"

"Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed; and starting up—"Are you in your senses? Do you forget ——"

"I forgot everything," I stammered out, "till too late! But do not hate, do not quite despise me! I am humble, but not mean! Though I appear in this capacity, I'm no servant! I have a home and independence! A terrible family misfortune drove me from

that home, and on the world! Thoughtlessly I put myself in the way of temptation and trial, and I am punished! For Providence, displeased with my wilfulness and discontent; in granting my wishes, has given me my ruin, and every pulse of this agonised heart acknowledges the victory of temptation!"

I ceased—faint and exhausted, as if I had been speaking for hours—and I buried my face in my hands. I would not raise my head to see her indignantly leave the room, as I supposed she would, to rebuke me for my presumption and folly. But she did not go! My poor girl had no presence of mind, no energy, no decision of character; and when I ventured to look up, I saw her fine eyes—filled with that peculiar light I have mentioned, but cannot describe—fixed upon me with an expression of interest and pity! This was not calculated to cure me! And though with my lips I spoke not another word that night, I did not, could not close my eyes against the heavenly balm extended to me in hers! She remained in the same room with me to as late an hour as usual, and

when she was retiring, she kindly and sweetly bade me "Good night!" I could not answer her at the moment ; but by respectfully rising, and a silent gesture, I endeavoured to express my gratitude.

"Now!" exclaimed I to myself, when left alone, and cool enough to think,—“Now, by my presumptuous folly, I have for ever debarred myself of the only pleasure remaining to me on earth, the pleasure of daily beholding her. I will never see her more! A while ago she pitied me, she considered my circumstances, and she remained with me this one evening, just to save me from despair! To-morrow she will either leave the house, or confine herself to her own apartment, and in either case, she will be lost to me! Well! to-morrow will tell! If she does either the one or the other, I will quit the house, or end my life at once!”

So thought the madman, and so he would have acted. But there was no need. To my unbounded delight, at the usual hour, or rather earlier, her graceful form appeared in the music-room, and thenceforth never for an

hour left it, unless to her meals. The prudent and the worldly-wise would condemn her, and you among the number, but you must not! Take all and each circumstance of her position into consideration, and then condemn her if you have the heart.

She was lonely—she was in delicate health—she was an orphan without female relative or friend to yield her society or direct her mind ; she had no one to feel in common with her ; she had no society—no amusement but her music—she knew nothing whatever of love or its dangers ; and, believing that she had given me a sufficient check in the few words she had uttered when I astonished her with my frantic declaration, she apprehended no further breach of propriety on that subject ; and yielding to habit and inclination, she continued to spend her lonely hours in the apartment she most loved. This, certainly, was the truth, and the whole truth at the time. But, assuredly, she felt no disgust of me or my love, or she would not have come in my way : she did not know its power or her own danger—and the consequences to both may be conceived. For my

part, I enacted the maniac to the life. I no longer could bear to hear her sing; if she chose a plaintive air, I let my feelings have free scope, and I would cry like a child; and if she preferred anything light or playful, I became as if possessed with a devil, because she should be gay and I unhappy! and in my extravagance I would knock and fling every thing about that came in my way. At last those fits—though quite unpremeditated—my constant sighs, or rather groans, my pale and wretched looks, had their effect; I judged by myself, and I felt she was imbibing the poison. She took more pains with her person; her countenance, before languid and uninterested, was become more animated; she could not encounter my eyes, or bear my gaze for a second, without deeply, painfully blushing; she trembled when I drew near her, and if she had occasion to speak to me, her voice was hardly to be heard from agitation. I too well knew what *love* was not to mark and treasure up those symptoms, and they did their certain work upon me too: it would seem as if I was to have no lucid interval!

Except the night that I had caught her arm to prevent her playing, I had never dared to *touch* her ; and I longed, with a lover's passionate, yet innocent longing, just to be permitted to take her hand, to have it in my own possession, to hold it, and to look upon it for a few moments undisturbed. I know not how she guessed my wish, but it was granted, and the first thrill of real bliss I had ever known, darted through my frame and renewed my life ! I next timidly placed myself beside her, as she sat at work. She blushed very deeply, bent her head upon her breast, but—said nothing : neither did I,—I *could* not. I was then approaching the sole gratification I panted for, and that she could grant with innocence ; and the hope of it, with the fear that she might resist and be offended, filled me with emotions that nearly choked me ! This great privilege was, to be permitted to throw my arm round her waist ! Trembling and shaking like a wretch ascending the gallows, I attempted and failed—I really had not power ! But, strong in my principles of right and virtue, I do not think that any man of any delicacy could be

too respectful under the circumstances of the parties. Had she been my equal, and even though oppressed with timid love, I certainly would have been bolder, and succeeded ; but I thought more of her peculiar position than she herself did, and I never lost sight of it. This is my consolation—this my reward ; and when I was so blest as to fold her in my arms, and to press her pale lip to mine, I could call my God to witness, that no one word or wish was breathed upon them beyond what a brother's love would sanction ; and never did I seek to exceed the license. These caresses—and they were few—drew sadly upon my sweet girl's delicacy !

“Do not despise me, because I permit these liberties,” the timid creature would say in her plaintive tones. “Let my situation plead for me ! Remember I am an orphan. I have no tender female friend — and females require sympathy ! I really am neglected. I'm in such wretched health, my female acquaintance find nothing attractive in my society ; and my brother is mirth-loving, and seeks amusement elsewhere. I feel that I am sinking, and I re-



quire attention. And then—Oh! it is so grateful to be loved by some one! Had you been conceited and presuming, I should have known how to conduct myself towards you, and have taught you to know your place. But you were so unobtrusive, so distant, I hardly noticed you at all; and when you involuntarily betrayed your feelings, your language was so proper, your appearance and manner so superior, I really was not aware of the disparity between us. Neither could I now reject the love of any one. But the indulgence to either must be but short; and it is hardly worth my while to inflict unnecessary torture. I allow you these caresses then, because they are innocent, and I know you will never insult me further!”

Insult her, indeed! I verily believe that if her brother or uncle had but frowned upon her at this time, and I not at all the cause, I would have started forwards, and chastised them on the spot.

I now quickly recovered my peace of mind, and with it, my good looks. I trode on air! I was proud: but I was proud *for* her; I wished to be something that I might justify her ten-

derness in her own eyes ; and I fancied that I was. No one denied that my person was handsome, and my manner agreeable. I dressed as well as I possibly could with propriety, and I assumed an air and step in accordance ; and woe be to any of my late acquaintances—baronets, colonels, or esquires—always excepting dear Mr. St. George—who should dare to call me “Jim!” “How dared they use such familiarity with *me* ? Let them keep their distance, and I would keep mine ! Not one of them but would be proud, ay *proud* of the love of the sweet one that loved me, as high as any of them, accomplished, and with an independent fortune in her own right ! And she did love me ! And how dared they look upon me as an inferior ? A servant ? I was no servant ! I was in masquerade for a while. But I was an independent farmer, and had king’s blood in my veins. — Let them ‘Jim’ me no more !” Thus I rhapsodized. But it was only to myself. While she lived, no human being, man or woman, heard me profane her name in connexion with mine. The secret of our attachment was as a newly discovered

mine of gold, a treasure only known to ourselves. And assuredly I deserved some praise! What lad of my years, beloved by a superior, would conduct himself so moderately? She was pretty, young, accomplished, well-born and independent in circumstances — and, if she would marry any one, it would be me. Acknowledge, that if I *did* prance it a little on the stilts of conceit, ten thousand others of my age, station, and pursuits would have been so blown up, a disgraceful escapade of one sort or another would publish his luck and her folly to a mocking world. But I did not, and—oh, my Anna! now that thou art in heaven, it is profanation to speak of those light trivial things in connexion with thy name! I even fear I have gone too far in saying that she would have married me. I build upon an action, which, though meaningless to others, had great meaning for me, and in recording the words that preceded and followed it, I must do myself the justice to observe, that bewitched though I was, and doting—I had no serious intention of drawing out her sentiments by the question.

Her brother prevailed upon her one evening to go to the theatre with Miss Arnold, who had made a party for the purpose. Braham, the great singer, was in town, and there was to be a splendid opera on that night. Nothing but her extreme love of music could have induced Miss Hammerton to go out. Once she retired to dress for the party, I gave up seeing her for the remainder of the evening ; and I set myself down to be very lonely and very miserable. But I was mistaken, Her brother summoned all the servants to see the sister when she was quite dressed ; and though I was not asked, I thought it would look remarkable, if I did not go also, and I did. She was attired in white silk, looked exceedingly nice and pretty, and but for a single rose in her hair, she might be taken for a bride. My eyes and heart followed her to the carriage ; and the instant she disappeared, a notion took possession of me, and go I would to the theatre—not to see Braham, but to follow my beloved, and to note who looked at her with admiration ! Such is the restlessness, and such are the whimsies of love !

## CHAPTER V.

I arrived, and got in among the crush and crowd, but I was too early, for a long three-quarters of an hour elapsed before the expected party made its appearance. At length I spied my sweet *blush rose*, entering a box with the bright *moss rose*, Miss Arnold, and several others; and, to the eye of liking, my *own* looked lovely, even in the presence of such a beauty. Evidently others admired her also; and, amongst those, two gentlemen were particularly assiduous. Counsellor Arnold was one, and a neat little Jemmy Jessamy sort of personage was the other.

Mr. Arnold was my very kind friend hitherto. But any one would suppose he was my bitterest enemy, so harshly, so unmercifully did I criticise him that night! "The old fellow," thought I—and he was but thirty.

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or thereabouts—"how he sets himself up to be admired by the young lady! See the smirks and smiles he puts upon his commercial countenance! Any one would know he was a lawyer: there's cunning and roguery in every look! And see the little beau! How it hops about! If his dress were of light materials, he would be taken for a butterfly, popping from one flower to another! But he bends oftener over the *blush rose*; and he may spare himself the trouble. Spare yourselves the trouble, dear gentlemen! There is one who loves that rose better than you can ever love her; and is dearer to her than you will ever be! Away with you to some other fair one! I don't like to see you so near mine."

These were the thoughts which occupied me while Braham was singing! And, until I perceived that she paid no attention to the gentlemen, and that her whole soul was fixed upon the stage, I had no peace or pleasure! I saw her no more that night. After the play, she went to sup at Merrion Square. I went to bed, but not to sleep; and I even wept upon my pillow, as chimeras dire thickened about


me. Then, next morning, I was eager, and yet afraid, to see her: eager to see if she would look as kindly on me as usual, and afraid that she would be unusually animated, and pleased with her party the night before. My God! how I trembled when she was approaching me! how painfully my breathing was impeded! Had she not directly spoken to me in her usual sweet tones of kindness, I would have been guilty of some desperate foolery or crime! But she was the same quiet creature as ever, no way excited by the attentions of the night before. And, oh! delight to my ears! she said she would not go out any more for any one's intreaties! Our conversation then proceeded as follows,—and mark it.

“And how did you spend your evening?” she asked.

“Looking at *you*,” I replied, “and your admirers.”

“Looking at me? You dream! You were not at the theatre.”

“I was! I went to see you in your heightened beauty, and I saw you surrounded with gentlemen.”



"I did not care for them! I was annoyed by them! I wished to attend to Braham. And when he so splendidly sang that glorious 'Bruce's Address,' I thought of you, and wished you could hear him."

"Dear angel! and you *did* think of me, surrounded though you were by your equals and admirers! If I was a gentleman, you would have me before any of them?"

She made no reply in words, but, turning her head bashfully aside, she deliberately and significantly placed her hand in mine! I took it, and pressed it to my lips and heart; but, though I was speechless through surprise and joy, I did not seem to understand the action but as a simple act of kindness. But it, with other circumstances, had such an effect upon me, that when I had a moment for reflection, I was shocked at the enormity of my presumption, and, with alarm, I saw that it was sacrificing her to remain near her. In reason, honour, propriety, and decency, I knew I ought to quit her; but love and its numerous auxiliaries forbade it. Satan, too, stepped in, and sometimes taught me to laugh at my



conscientiousness. "What a philosopher of twenty!" I would exclaim, "to run away from love, beauty, and fortune! Have I not heard that some are born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and some with a 'wooden ladle?' The 'silver spoon' plainly offers to me, and should I avoid it?" But, again, when I would remark the delicate elegance of her form and manner in accordance; remember her birth and accomplishments; the station she was fitted to adorn, and the luxuries she was accustomed to, I would abuse myself for a mean, unprincipled wretch, that, for the vain gratification of being loved by a superior, would sacrifice her lasting happiness, in trying to keep her indifferent to those who alone were *entitled* to possess her. In this better state of feeling I was confirmed by my confessor.

Most of the rites of the Roman Catholic Church I disapprove of as much as Protestants do. But I certainly think *confession* is not the most objectionable. Priests are *obliged* to keep the secrets of the confessional. How few of our dearest friends will keep our secrets! And what innumerable hundreds of

well-disposed, but weak spirits, yearn to fling their secret griefs on the bosom of a friend, for sympathy, for counsel, and direction? To some one the oppressed heart will speak, or die; and, on the whole, it is better it should repose its confidence with a grave, steady ecclesiastic, who is bound by his oath and office to give the best counsel in his power, and who has no particular ties with society. But the *sort* of priest makes an essential difference. I would have nothing to do with your busy, bustling, *political* priest; your well fed, bloated, proud swaggerer, panting for invitations to public dinners, and for power at elections;—your *Irish* priest, in short. No! no! No heart-secrets to them. Go to the meek and the lowly, content to fulfil their sacred duties quietly, and without ostentation or brawl, and aiming at no distinction or power beyond their office. 'Twas such a one I sought for, and found. I turned from the various rectors and curates of the Roman Church in the metropolis, and found out an old French friar,—a humble, pious, learned man, who lodged obscurely at the outskirts of the city, and not

far from the street I lived in. He scarcely ever stirred from his humble abode, unless an occasional duty called him out, but spent his time in studying Spanish and Italian works, and in translating them. I know not what "order" he belonged to. But this I know, he thought little of rules and ceremonies, and simply that Jesus was the *only* mediator and advocate for men. I had consulted him on former occasions, and found the benefit of his advice. I now stole to him at night. Flinging myself on my knees at his feet, I laid my head between my hands, and leant on his knee. I was extremely agitated, and he perceived it.

"My son," cried he solemnly, "you have committed some grievous sin?"

"No, father," I faltered out, "unless to love be one." And I proceeded to pour out my full heart into his ears. The priest listened patiently, and without prying into the name, station, religion, or residence (and how unlike the *worldly* priest in this!), without asking any question that he knew I could not in honour answer, he proceeded in his own peculiar manner to probe my very soul.

"Doubtless, she loves *you*?"

"Oh, yes!"

"She has told you so?"

"She has admitted it."

"You will wed her, doubtless?"

"Oh, no, no! Father, I cannot."

"Why? my son."

"Her rank is far above mine. I *dare* not."

"Is she much in your society?"

"Constantly. That is all my happiness!"

"She permits you to caress her?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"


"Fly! my son," exclaimed the father in a raised tone,—*"fly, for your own sake and for hers! Not for another day shall you remain in the power of Satan."*

I burst into tears.

"Oh, father!" I pleaded, "do not say so! It will be tearing my heartstrings asunder. My very life——!"

I was exceedingly agitated and affected. But the old friar, stern only when in the right, would not hear me. He argued and he prayed with me, till he brought me to promise that I would obey his mandate.

“Leave her! leave her!” bodingly rang in my ears for the remainder of that dreadful night. And dreadful it was! I speak not of sleeplessness, or of burning tears,—for these were to be expected,—but of the *passion* that exhibited itself in gnashing teeth, and tearing hair, and in flinging the wretched body about, like a thing reft of soul and feeling. I knew that I ought to leave her, and I felt assured that he to whom I intended to unburthen my secret, would command me to do so; yet, such is the inconsistency of man, and of love, I was as stricken and confounded with the priest’s peremptory order, as if I had not feared it would be as it was! I was like a weakly sapling assailed by a furious tempest, now crushed down to the very earth, and again droopingly recovering its position, just as despair, or conscious rectitude, writhed, or soothed me! But the fiat had gone forth—leave her I should! I had placed myself under the guidance of my Church, and I should abide by its decision. I might be compared to a man in a house on fire, whose only mode of escape was through a window of terrific



height, the flames were already at my side ; if I remained, I should be consumed ; and if I leaped through the window I should be shattered to atoms. In either case there was death ; but, as the ecclesiastic would say, "one was death everlasting, the other was destruction only to the body,"—I should take the fatal leap ! But, as I could not bring myself to do it voluntarily, at once, I wished that some friendly hand would push me from the window.

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Perpetually breathing the air of music and of song, love was not the only result. From constantly reading over the hundreds of amatory productions, and pondering on their sentiments, the rhyme for ever jingled in my ears, and I became a poet, a sort of one. I made but a poor hand of original composition, indeed, but I became a very tolerable parodist, you shall have a specimen by-and-by.

Though, from being fully occupied with another dearer subject, I did not mention the amateur this some time, you are not to suppose him defunct, or that he had grown tired

of his pursuits ; on the contrary, as my weary legs and ears could often abundantly testify, and as the pitying eyes of my Anna would tell you, could you have seen them,—he was as alive, and as busy as ever ; and twanged at his guitar, and as unsparingly laid his shrill pipes under contribution, as if his daily bread, depended upon his exertions. He and I agreed remarkably well. For I was patient for the sake of my love ; and on the whole, he was tolerably good-humoured. But our amity was broken up by an unfortunate parody that I had perpetrated on one of his favourite songs. He did not speak to me for a week, and when he did condescend, it was still in accents of ire. “I consider,” he went on, his voice trembling with the warmth of his feelings, “I consider a perjurer more tolerable than a plagiarist ; and a pickpocket than a parodist ! Nay, I consider parodying a species of MURDER (with tremendous emphasis). ’Tis defacing and spoiling the divine conception of genius ! ’Tis knocking the nose off a Phidian statue with a common, clumsy, stone-hammer ! Let me have no such sacrilege again.”

I promised, and kept my word for a long time, for indeed I was in other and deeper mood. But again I was tempted to commit the "murder," and the consequences were more than I had anticipated.

As soon as Mr. Frank Hammerton became aware of my talent at "defacing the divine conceptions of genius,—knocking the noses off Phidian statues," he lauded me to the skies, as "a devilish pleasant, clever fellow. He did not think that I had that sort of life in me, as he had considered me only as a moping sort of a dog, ever inditing a ditty to my mistress's eye-brow, and not at all one to laugh at an oddity. But now that he knew my spunk, faith he would put my talents in requisition. Read me that parody on the 'Last Rose of Summer.'"

In some confusion I proceeded to do so, as it was in the presence of Miss Hammerton, and the song was a favourite of hers, and in my then state of mind, I thought it profanation to burlesque anything so sweet. I read it badly in consequence, but it pleased one of my auditors, at all events.



"Ha! ha! ha!—very good, faith! Oh! how Dick Beaumont would laugh at that! and he shall; for I will sing it for him this evening. But Dwyer, my dearest lad! two things I want you to do for me, and if you do them, by the pipers of Blessinton I will pay you like a prince! The first is,—to hit off a new one for me to sing at Stubb's on Friday night; and the second, to parody as ludicrously as you possibly can, whatever song my uncle intends to sing at Lady ——'s concert, and—"

"Indeed, Frank," interrupted his sweet sister, "I will not encourage or permit you, if I can help it, thus to ridicule my uncle! it is really very improper."

"Indeed, Annie," responded the laughing brother, "I wish you would mind your business! you know that if I wore as long a face as yours, and went down on my bare knees to pray for him, my uncle would still be ridiculous!"

"But you will bring this young man into trouble, and under his displeasure," — Miss Hammerton urged.

"But you care a vast deal for the 'young

man ! ” retorted the inexorable Frank, ironically. “ No, indeed ! ’ t is because you are so confounded fond of peace and quiet, or rather, a total stagnation of all stir and fuss, that you object. Nonsense ! girl, if old Squaretoes Squallini goes to rough work with us, we have law on our side. And I will pay Dwyer like a prince ! — A shilling for every word, by Apollo ! ”

“ But where will be the use ? ” I objected. “ You know, sir, that Mr. Hammerton wouldn’t sing a parody for a diadem.”

“ Ay, but I will *make* him though ! ” returned the precious nephew. “ All the world may observe, that what we ought *not* to learn sticks faster in our memory than any verse of the Bible ; and on this I build. You, Anna, are ever *squalling*, and my uncle *squeeling* some precious ditty or another. Now, as I am one of the musical family, who will hinder me from *bawling* out my *chanson* too ? Let me have those two parodies, I say, and depend on me for sport ! ”

After some hesitation, I promised him, just to get rid of him, for he would not give me

peace or ease till I would do so. When he went away, and we were left alone, Miss Hammerton rather anxiously asked me "if I intended performing my promise?" I replied, "that I did intend it so far as that I would attempt something for Mr. Frank himself; but that I would try to elude the other demand if possible."

"Oh! then, indeed, if you do," she returned, "you must manage with extraordinary cleverness, for Frank is a perfect child once he takes anything into his head, and he will never quit you till he is gratified."

This I found to be the fact. In vain I excused myself, and in vain I manœuvred to elude him; he worried me day and night, and at last he seated himself beside me, determined never to quit me until I complied. I pleaded, and truly, that I did not then know what song Mr. Hammerton intended to sing at the concert; that he practised so many, I could not know what particular one he would finally select."

"I will tell you, then," he quickly answered. "You must know he is furiously in love with

Isabel Arnold. And as I knew that her wishes would have great influence with him, I persuaded her to praise the 'Stilly Night' in his presence; and that was enough. The 'Stilly Night' it is to be, and he intends to do powerful execution with it, on her, and all the females in the room! Now, my lad, you know the song, and I will take no excuse! Here I will remain till midnight, or till morning, until you comply. I won't disturb you; I will take a book and read, while you are writing. But let me have it in an hour or two at most, or you are a dead man, if hair-triggers can do execution!"

Thus driven to the task, I set about it with no good will,—and what is done unwillingly is generally done ill. But it satisfied my tormentor! and with tears in his eyes from excess of laughter, he hugged me in his arms, pulled me about, and performed twenty antic tricks to express his delight. He hurriedly drew forth his purse to pay me the promised "shilling a word;" but all the recompense I would accept was his promise that he would not tell his uncle *who* had written the parody, or permit

his sister to see it. But that proved a vain request. He readily promised not to tell his uncle, or to show the lines to his sister; but, as it was his plan to let it be *heard* in the house at all hours, soon the "Chilly Night" was as familiar as the original. I may as well let you have it here.—

## THE CHILLY NIGHT.

AIR—*The Stilly Night.*

Oft in the chilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
 Just as I've popped out the light,  
 I wrapt the blankets round me.  
 I sometimes cough,  
 But oft'ner laugh,  
 At words my love hath spoken!  
 Then sleep and snore,  
 Encore!—Encore!—  
 Till morning's light hath broken.  
 Thus in the chilly night, &c.

When I remember all  
 The belles close ranged together,  
 I've hopped with at a ball,  
 In just such wintry weather.  
 I sigh and groan—  
 "Oghone!—oghone!—  
 My joys are all departed—  
 The belles have fled—  
 The fiddlers dead—  
 And I am broken-hearted!"

Thus, in the chilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Just as I 've popped out the light,  
I wrap the blankets round me !

The second one—that is, the parody intended for Frank himself — was even worse, but it satisfied him, and that was all was wanted. Here it is :—

ATR—*Come send round the bowl.*

Come, send round our nectar, you tipsy young thief ;  
You are talking, to-night, without measure or rule ;  
These moments of pleasure are brilliant and brief,  
And to spend them in argument—leave to the fool !  
Your nose may be *purple*, and mine may be *blue*,  
But while they are tinged by the same brimming jug,  
The sot that would quarrel for diff'rence of hue,  
Deserves that no nose should be left on his mug !

Shall I ask the gay fellow who snores by my side,  
Why he 's speechless so soon, if our glasses agree ?  
Shall I give up the poteen I 've tasted and tried,  
Because it has made him snoose sooner than me ?  
From the rich toothless lass, with full purse shall I fly,  
To seek, somewhere else, a more amorous smack ?  
No ! the ass that would take but the trouble to try,  
Deserves to be graced with a hump on his back !  
Then send round, &c.

As soon as Frank got possession of these *morceaux*, he carried them off in triumph. His own, I suppose, he made use of immedi-

ately—and it was good enough for the roaring bacchanals which usually composed his society ; but the “Chilly Night” he treasured up with all possible care and secrecy, till his uncle should begin to practise for the concert. And that took place very soon after.

I never before saw the poor amateur so busy and so anxious as he was upon this occasion. And as I was aware that this anxiety arose from love to the fair Miss Arnold, and a desire to cut a great figure in her eyes, I pitied the poor old fellow, and less grudgingly lent him my assistance, although the eternal twanging at last drove my dear Anna from the music-room. Busy we were indeed. But not more busy than the watchful nephew ; who no sooner perceived the uncle begin his operations, than he was on the alert. When the amateur would fling himself into a seat after his labours, in all the complacency of certainty that he had given all the expression that mortal man could give to the “Stilly Night,” the “Chilly Night” would instantly start up in another quarter, and with a loudness of tone, and deliberateness of utterance,

which ensured its being heard and understood ! At the first line, the amateur started ; but as the song proceeded, he became like Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," he clapped his hands upon his ears, and seemed as if he would run from the house altogether. But vain were his efforts to escape ! Do what he would ; take what precautions he could, the "leprous distilment" was unmercifully poured into his ears ; and though he would dance, and froth, and foam, and finally cry with vexation—there was no mitigation of the infliction. The graceless young rogue even had three or four copies of the parody *printed*, and placed here and there, in the music, breakfast, and drawing-rooms, so that if the old man's organs of hearing would momentarily escape, his eyes should encounter the horror ! As yet, I was not suspected. Frank said that he had got the parody from one of his friends,—“And a curst well-written thing it was !”

“’Tis a villanous, shameful, detestable composition !” reiterated the senior, “and I desire I may hear no more of it !”

“Ah ! now, Nunky,” interposed the junior,



with affected simplicity, "I don't see any harm in my poor pet the 'Chilly Night;' not a bit, but a great deal of poetic merit. Now, as you are to sing the original—and incomparably well you will sing it, I grant—why can't I rattle over the *parody* at my club? Every one of the members must furnish something new in their turn, and my little pet will do very well for me. Listen patiently, Nuncle, for this once,—

(Singing) "Oft in the chilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Just as I've popped out the light,  
I wrap the blankets round me!"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted the afflicted man of music, again placing his hands upon his ears, "I can bear no more!"

Notwithstanding all the annoyance, the uncle was fond of the nephew, and flattered by the compliment the latter had paid to his singing, he tried to sit patiently to hear the parody fully out. But he found it impossible; the words were more than enough, without the stunning tones of the singer; but both together were intolerable, and he besought his nephew never to breathe it in his presence

again. Frank only laughed, and continued to shout it without intermission, till it was better known—servants and all getting it—than the original.

At length arrived the evening of the concert. All amateurs were to perform ; and amongst the foremost was my worthy master. I officiated as valet to him on that occasion, and though I was low enough in spirits, I could not help being amused.

After spending an unconscionable time in arranging, and brushing up his wig, the next important object of care was the cravat. Fully a dozen of them he spoiled that night, in tying and re-tying them in different forms and fashions, till coming at last to the thirteenth, and perceiving that none of them—tie them as he would—had made any material change in his appearance, he flung it away in despair, exclaiming with indescribable agony of tone,—“There’s no use in being particular ; I am d—d *ugly* after all !”

To sooth his wounded feelings, I reminded him, that personal appearance was but a matter of indifference to any one who possessed ta-

lents and accomplishments like his ; this he admitted, and in better spirits he caught up his bewitching guitar and departed.

In about an hour and half afterwards, Miss Hammerton and I were startled by a tremendous *tatterara* at the street-door. We were sitting side-by-side, and I endeavouring, as well as I was able, to break it to her, that I feared we should sooner or later separate, when the bounding step of her brother upon the stairs, barely gave me time to retreat to my usual corner, where I had been all day copying music.

“By heavens!” cried he, rushing into the room, and trying to stop laughing while he was speaking; “we are all undone! The old fellow is coming home, stark and furious! Ha! ha! ha!”

“Why, what is the matter?” inquired his sister, in alarm.

“Oh! he has fairly broke down! made the most d——ble jumble of the song! Ha! ha! ha! Here a word of the original, there three words of the parody, till the company, from wonder, ended in shrieks of laughter! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!”

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" cried Miss Hammer-ton, reproachfully; "that was your doing, and what you ought to be ashamed of! But how did the poor man mistake? Surely he had the music and original words with him?"

I observed, that I had made up the music with the guitar, ready for Mr. Hammerton to take with him.

"So you did!" cried the hopeful nephew; "and *I* stole it! And the poor old boy had only his very passable brains to trust in; and in them the 'Chilly Night' lay quite as snugly as the other! Oh, it was capital! Hark! By Jove, here he comes! I will run for my life! say nothing about me;" and out he rushed, and into some corner, till the uncle was safely landed in the music-room.

It would be a vain endeavour to try to describe the old man's rage, and abuse of every one! For some minutes he was inarticulate, but at last it was quite apparent, that the weight of his ire fell upon me. After dubbing me all the vile poetasters and parodists he had breath to utter, he next called me a sneaking, deceitful fellow, whom he had

taken off the streets without a character, and exalted to a place that none but respectable persons should fill! He insisted that none but me had written the parody, and that treacherously combining with his disgraceful nephew, I had purposely omitted to send the music with the guitar, to disgrace him, and render him contemptible to the world!

I pleaded that I positively did send the music, and Miss Hammerton eagerly corroborated what I advanced, but all to no use. He should have a victim, and repeating all the opprobrious words I have already quoted, he ordered me out of his house!

"Dear, dear uncle!" cried his niece soothingly; "I never saw you unjust till this night! You really wrong this poor young man, and I know you will regret your hastiness by and by. He would *not* join any one in a design to ridicule you. And since it has come to this, rather than have an innocent person unjustly blamed, I must tell you, that Frank alone is in fault. Dwyer packed up the music with the guitar, and he knows not what became of it after. "

Mr. Hammerton now appeared much softened ; he said something to me, as if he wished to apologise. But I had my pride and dignity too, and I would not bend. I observed, that as "he had applied names to me that I had not deserved from him, or any one else, all concession was useless—that I would certainly leave his house, but not that night. I will not quit it as a scoundrel, sir," said I ; "I will leave it in the broad daylight, as I came into it." And I then decidedly left the room, and directly went to my own bed-chamber.

While there, and pacing up and down, agitated and grieved, I distinctly heard my late master walking up and down the apartment directly beneath me, and I could hardly forbear smiling when I thought of two men,—one below, and the other above,—doing the same thing, under the excitement of very different vexations ! In about a quarter of an hour afterwards, I heard the light tap of my beloved at my door. The instant I opened it she flung herself unreservedly into my arms, and weeping bitterly. But there is no use in describing such scenes. All who know the

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course of true love may conceive them. For a full hour we remained clasped in each other's arms, in as deep grief as two young creatures could possibly be in ; she entreating me at intervals, with all the agonized eloquence of affection, not to leave her for such a trivial cause ; and I urging in return, that I *ought* to go, that I should go, sooner or later, for that it would be impossible for two young people to be so continually together without, at last, exciting remark ; that my reason told me that I was not a meet companion for her ; and that I was but injuring her future happiness by remaining so much in her society.

I had proceeded so far, when she passionately interrupted me.

"I will not listen to you," she cried ; "you do not speak as you think. I feel you are the only being upon earth who really loves me. And I must not, will not lose you for reasons so silly. Think of my poor uncle's little vanity ! Remember how cruelly he was wounded, and forgive him !"

She pressed me so closely, and I felt my integrity and firmness so put to the test, I had

hurriedly to assure her that I would see her in the morning, and finally decide whether I should remain or not. But when left alone, and with time to consider the case in all its bearings, I felt that I ought not to put up with the gross abuse showered upon me, even though the offender was temporarily out of his senses. For what right had he to apply language to me, that he had never ventured to use to the lowest, worst member of his rascally household? I felt that I should not be a pipe for any man to play upon in his different moods, so long as I had a fair character, and had the world before me; and I resolved that I would not. In another respect, my duty plainly told me that I ought to go, and I was only sorry that I had remained to receive this last indignity—in her presence, too!

I thus made up my mind,—no matter how much my inclinations were to the contrary,—and in the morning, before any of the family were stirring, and without any treasure but a ringlet of my Anna's hair, which I providentially cut off the previous evening,—I left the house of Mr. Hammerton.



## CHAPTER VI.

I took a lodging near my old director, the friar, because it was near Baggot Street, and was cheap ; and as soon as I took possession, I wrote by the post to my beloved, to beseech her forgiveness for breaking my promise to her, and for leaving her so abruptly. I stated that I had fixed myself in her immediate neighbourhood ; and that though I should not have the happiness of daily speaking to her, I yet would have the consolation of often seeing her, if only through the windows, on my way to the city. And I wrote this, not to seek to perpetuate her attachment, but to soothe her, and bring her by degrees to be satisfied that our separation was for the best. For I was well convinced her grief would be deep and excessive, and I feared it might seriously injure her health. I knew it would be easy for me

to withdraw myself entirely, when I found it expedient.

Next morning I received her answer. As I had anticipated, she passionately upbraided me for my cruelty and rashness. She eloquently portrayed the shock her feelings received when she discovered I had really left her ; and she further informed me, that my abrupt departure had made every member of the family unhappy ; that her uncle could not forgive himself for his hastiness and abuse ; and that her brother (whom she loved better than ever since) was quite enraged with himself for his share in the transaction ; and that he had declared that he would search Dublin till he had found me, and either have me reinstated with his uncle, or procure me a better situation elsewhere. Then, tenderly conjuring me by "all that had passed between us,—by my gratitude and pity,—to return to their house," she subscribed herself unchangeably my own till death.

I had the great forbearance to return no reply to this ; because I could not answer as she would wish, by saying that I would yield

to her entreaties ; and I wished that my silence would imply as much, without going over all my reasons again. I could not, however, resist the pleasure of walking past her house in the evening, to try to catch a glimpse of her in the windows. I saw her ; and she saw me, as her quick change of colour, and her delighted gesture showed ; but I hurried out of sight as soon as possible, for fear of being observed by others.

The evening of the third day after leaving No. —, Baggot Street, I was gratified with a second communication from the one dearest to me in the world. It went to say, " That though unwell, and dejected, she would meet me on the ——— Road, next day, at twelve o'clock, as she had much to say to me that she could not so well say upon paper."

My whole frame warmed through with delight ; but when the morning, which was cold and tempestuous, came, I earnestly hoped she would change her mind. She was punctual, however, and I was greatly shocked at her venturing out, and at the change which even three days had made in her appearance ! She was

even more wan and thin than I had ever seen her ; and her eyes had a staring prominence about them, and a blackness underneath them, that gave her a ghastly look. We walked together for a considerable time ; but very little love passed between us, for, let her speak as she would, I unceasingly scolded her for her folly and rashness in venturing out of doors on such a day in her precarious state of health. Her only reply was that "there was a fire within which kept her from feeling cold or wet."

"Yes," I returned, "but that fire may consume you! and, be assured, that all I ever suffered would be light in comparison to the agony I should endure if you be but even temporarily ill after this day's exposure!"

It is not necessary, and I think it would not be very interesting to you to hear, to record all that passed between us at this meeting ; neither of us supposed it would be final : and though much was said, I verily believe much was left unsaid as an excuse for another meeting ; but that other never came. Unceasingly I walked past her uncle's house the next day, expecting

to see her at one of the windows, if but for a moment, as she had promised ; but I saw her no more ! I observed that her own bed-chamber window was partially closed, and soon afterwards I found that her physician was in constant and regular attendance.

My fears, alas ! were but too well founded ; ill she was—I knew not to what extent—and confined to bed. Two more days passed over, and still I was in painful suspense. I could meet with none of the servants to make inquiries, and I did not wish to ask the physician, as I feared that my countenance and manner would betray the degree of interest I had in the question. I had a great repugnance to go to the house ; but at last, and as my quarter's salary was still unpaid, I determined to go there on pretence of asking for it, and thus satisfy myself on the subject of my anxiety. And I went. My late master, as I expected, was all in a twitter of joy when he saw me, fancying that I was come to resign my liberty once more into his hands ; and he made apologies enough to satisfy my wounded pride.

“ But, alas ! ” said he, “ we can't indulge our-

selves as usual, for my poor niece is very alarmingly ill—she that was so sweet a singer! She caught cold the night Frank—and, indeed, myself, too—urged her to go to the theatre, and some recent imprudent exposure to cold has completely knocked her up—at all events for the winter; and Doctor —— says some great distress of mind is preying upon her peace! I am sure,” the poor man continued, and looking as unconscious as I could wish, “I am sure I can’t conceive what the deep distress can be, unless it is that she can no longer practise her music; and that I admit (sighing deeply), is a terrible deprivation to any one attached to the science, as all our family are, more or less. So, as I have observed to you, we can no longer employ ourselves as we used. But Lady —— has lent me some fine Italian music; and since we can do nothing else, I shall employ you in copying it for me.”

He was quite dismayed when I refused to stay with him. And as I heard all I was anxious to know, without risking a question, as soon as I was paid my money, (and which I nearly lost afterwards, so carelessly as

I had put it up), I took my melancholy leave of a house in which I had spent some of the most blessed moments of life,—never, never to be equalled !

I now knew fully the afflicting truth,—that my beloved was seriously ill ; and I deeply and unceasingly lamented my rashness, in ever having corresponded with her after leaving the house. For if I had not done so, this unfortunate meeting would not have taken place. But I was not utterly in despair ; I still had my sanguine hopes, that with care, and the returning spring, her youth would bring her through ; and in my own mind, I cursed that mercenary doctor, who would be making a *job* of what was but a cold, after all ! Oh, great God ! how unceasingly did I pace that street, through nights of cold, and rain, and snow ! and how unweariedly I dogged the physician's heels, till he thought me a madman or a thief ! Still, though I followed and watched him, I had no aim in it, for I had no power to ask him the question I wished. And it was not till surprised and displeased at my continued pertinacity in making myself his shadow,

that the doctor rather angrily asked me what I followed him for, that I could summon courage to speak. It was time enough, however, for all the happiness or hope it brought me !

It was one night, about a month or better since the dear invalid was confined to her bed. The principal physician, Doctor P—— had ceased in his attendance, and but Doctor ——, the family physician, remained. This I took to be a favourable omen ; as I supposed that she was getting better, or he would not have given up seeing her. But still I was nightly at my post of observation—about two doors from Mr. Hammerton's house—waiting and watching for Doctor —— . On the night in question, as on every other, I had no intention of addressing him, for somehow, with a sort of tact I cannot account for, I could find out by his countenance, and even walk, whether his patient were better or worse. As he was rapidly passing me, he perceived me to start forward, as if to note him nearer, and then follow him ; why I followed him I cannot say, unless it was that I was restless, and that I felt



an interest in him as being her physician, and had seen her so lately.

"My fine lad," said the doctor, stopping suddenly, and facing round upon me, "may I ask why do you follow me so pertinaciously, and observe me so closely?"

"Sir," I stammered—for I was taken quite short by his address—"I—I—wish to ask—how Miss Hammerton—Mr. Hammerton's niece—is—to-night?"

"Miss Hammerton!" echoed the doctor, surprised; "and why did you not ask this question sooner? You are like a ghost; I presume you could not speak till you were spoken to. But of Miss Hammerton!—What's Hecuba to you, or you to Hecuba? Do you see yon feeble glimmering lamp?" pointing to one of the street lamps that was nearly out and but merely flickering in the socket.

"I do, sir," I replied, surprised at the question.

"Well! her you ask about is precisely like that lamp—merely glimmering—glimmering; and I know not how soon her light will be extinguished altogether!"

I was so struck—so confounded, both at the announcement, and the manner of it, that I should have fallen only that I had presence of mind to catch the doctor's arm.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "This intelligence seems to affect you! I am sorry I was so abrupt! You knew Miss Hamerton well?"

"I did," I faintly answered.

"I think I have seen you once or twice at the house?"

"Yes—sir—I have lived there—for—awhile—"

"My poor lad!" cried the kind-hearted physician, compassionately, "I see how it is! you must excuse me, though I can hardly pardon myself for my abruptness! But how could I think that you were so interested about her? Have you any objection to walk on with me? My house is not far off, and on the way to it, we will talk over this matter. Here—lean upon my arm. 'Tis my duty, you know, to cure the sick, and strengthen the weak, and if I can claim any skill, you are both sick and weak at this instant."

Sensibly touched by Doctor ——'s kindness, I respectfully refused to accept his offered aid, and proceeded to walk beside him at his desire ; but he would have me take his arm, and, while we walked along, — with the intention of diverting my thoughts, rather than a love of hearing himself talk,—he poured forth numerous anecdotes of his professional life ; and especially dwelt upon instances of attachments sundered by death, till he reached his own door. There I was for leaving him. But he would not suffer me.

“Come in !” said he, in a friendly, cheerful tone ; “I have something more to say to you.”

I yielded ; but, instead of having anything further to say, he forced me to swallow, one after another, two small glasses of some medical cordial, which warmed me thoroughly, and exhilarated my spirits ; and, with renovated strength, I returned to my lodgings. But, like all cordials, except the true one of *religion*, its exhilarating effects soon died away, and left me more desponding than before. I flung myself upon my bed, and wept throughout the long, long night. The “fading,

glimmering lamp" was for ever before my eyes !

I was no longer restrained from asking the Doctor any questions I wished ; on the contrary, he seemed interested for me, and frequently he anticipated and answered my queries. Sometimes she "was better ;" sometimes "worse ;" but, as the depth of winter drew near, the answer was entirely "worse, worse !" — he had no hopes whatever !

"Some time back," said Doctor —, "I was aware that some distress of mind materially increased her disease. Now I can account for what then puzzled me,—not as to the what, but the *whom* ; I see it all now."

Encouraged by his familiarity, and knowing that he was considered an excellent man as well as skilful physician, I ventured to ask him if he ever heard her speak or allude to any one—to whom she was attached ?

"Not to me," said the Doctor, smiling, but smiling kindly ; "but she has been heard to ask the person I appointed to attend her in her illness, if she had ever perceived a person of such a description—and I feel sure your

description—passing by the house, or through the street.”

Tears gushed from my eyes. “If I could but see her once more!” I murmured, and looked appealingly to the doctor.

“No use! no use!” cried he, hastily. “It would do *you* no good, and might harm *her*. But the wish is natural. You are like the generality of the world’s children;—could you but *know* how she was, you would be at ease; then, if you could but *hear* if she had spoken of you, it would be additional satisfaction; and now if you could but *see* her! What next? But you cannot see her, my dear lad! it would be useless, and it would be wrong. If the poor girl suffered herself to be attached, I hardly blame her! Her delicate health disposed her to susceptibility; and you are a nice lad, a very nice lad, indeed,—much beyond many that are called your superiors. But take my advice, and let the affair rest. It certainly can do *you* no harm. But, if you really loved her purely, her reputation will be dear to you, even when she is in the grave.”

I could not help seizing the doctor’s hand

and pressing it to my lips, in reverence of his sentiments, and in gratitude for his feeling kindness to myself! I also assured him, that, but that my extreme anxiety betrayed my secret the first night he addressed me, he should never have known it from me. But," added I, sadly smiling, "they tell me clergymen and physicians are bound to keep secrets."

"If not," said Doctor ——, "many reputations would be tainted, which now pass fair with the world."

I fear these conversations will be tedious to you. Bear with me a little longer,—the romance will soon end. While I am writing, some spark of the former fire is kindled within me; and I feel a species of melancholy pleasure in recording every word that was said in connection with the subject. Indeed, I also feel pleasure in writing about the excellent, though somewhat singular Doctor ——; and it was not the least of my good luck that I made a friend of a worthy man, to whom I must have appeared rather disadvantageously under the circumstances. But, indeed, he plainly

saw that there was nothing simulated, nothing interested, and nothing obtrusive in my attachment to his amiable patient; and, with the kindness of a warm and generous nature, he remembered the romance of his own "Love's young dream," and took pity on me; and no one required it more than I did at the time. For some weeks longer the Doctor had the same sad story to tell.

His visits to his patient sometimes lasted half an hour, sometimes an hour, and oftener longer. But on one particular night there was a surprising difference in the time he devoted to her; for he merely ran hastily into the house, and as hastily out again! I was at my usual stand, and, without speaking, the Doctor took me under his arm, and hurried me along with him,—so rapidly, indeed, I hardly had breath to ask a question. At length, when we got out of Baggot Street, and into the Green, he slackened his pace, and abruptly exclaimed—

"You would be a fine lad!—you've a good heart, and good principles—if you had courage."

"Courage ! sir," I repeated, surprised ; "and I hope I have courage, too."

"You have ?" cried the Doctor. "Then I will shortly put it to the proof."

"How so, sir ?" I asked, my heart beginning to fail.

"Why," he proceeded ; "why there is no use in hiding it—I do not expect that dear girl to pass the night ! I think it probable we shall lose her about twelve. And you, and all who love her truly, ought to wish and pray for her speedy release from torture !"

And he began to detail several cases of the lingering sufferings of consumptive patients ; till, horrified at the narration, and with the fear lest my dear angel should undergo them, I at last "wished that she were indeed quietly at rest !"

"I thought so," cried Doctor —— ; "I knew you had the true feeling of a friend ! Live or die, you know she is lost to you. Then, dear lad, I can tell you, she is as sweetly at rest, as happily and calmly in *her* sphere, as yonder moon is in hers,—she is in heaven !"

The Doctor had directed my attention to



the moon, then full and beautiful ; and when he ceased, my eyes were still fixed upon the planet. A peace, a calm that I could not account for, stole over my spirits, as if, indeed, a balm had descended upon me through the ministrings of the angel that had departed ! But though I shed no tear, I could not speak, and my soul was filled with prayer ! I passively allowed the physician to lead me along as he pleased. He brought me quite home with him, and into the house.

“Courage you have,” said the Doctor, tugging at his great coat, and stretching a sleeve to me to pull off ; but though I mechanically touched it, I had not strength to effect my object,—“and the right and proper feeling too. You can’t master the coat ? Well, that is natural enough, too. Never heed it. Into that parlour before me ! you will have a bright fire and society. In your present state of despondency and desolation, loneliness will not do. In with you, I say ! You cannot talk, I know, but you can listen. And by-and-by, ‘I will a tale unfold, whose lightest breath,’ &c.,” throwing himself into a theatrical

attitude, which I thought ill-timed, and unlike his usual thoughtful kindness, but it was merely to divert my grief ; and he was also too well used to see deaths—and deaths of dear friends too—to be greatly affected at any event of the kind, however recent.

I did as he desired me in all things. I went into his study, and sat on the seat he pointed out to me to occupy, and which was close to the fire and opposite to himself. Had he desired me to go down into the kitchen, and clean his boots, I would have done so as unhesitatingly, and with as little surprise : my mind was not in its place.

Doctor —— was fond of a cheerful glass after his daily toil, and of a good listener. He immediately rang for the materials for composing the first, and for the second, he made sure in me. Listen I could, or rather I could appear to do so ; and that was sufficient. Once the excellent physician had sipped his couple of tumblers, and warmed in his narration, his own cane, dressed up in a coat and hat, and placed in my chair, would have answered as well. As well as I could understand,

in my then state of dreaminess, directly on sitting down, he commenced a sketch of his early life, his college life ; and could any third person have seen us after half-an-hour or so had passed over, and when the Doctor had got well into his second tumbler, great would have been his amusement ! On one side, he would have beheld the physician, with head thrown back, and with animated gestures, talking with the utmost gaiety and rapidity, or laughing heartily at his own adventures ; and, on the other, a wan and dejected spectre, as long of face as Don Quixote, and at the very moment he should most have enjoyed the doctor's recital, blubbering in tears !

This was the exact state of the case. For a long time I had listened, or at least, had sat silent and immoveable, whilst the doctor was rattling away ; and at the crisis of his most mirthful enjoyment, I was weeping bitterly. For the servant had just then opened the door of the study, and the tones of a piano, which some one was playing in the next apartment, struck upon my ears and heart, and I was no longer calm and passive. All the tears that

an invisible power seemed to have suppressed till now, gushed out, as if they had been collecting, and awaiting this spell to call them forth. Instead of being offended at my inattention (as this outburst of sorrow too plainly told), Doctor —— suddenly checked himself in his career of gaiety, or awoke from his felicitous trance, I should have said, and earnestly recommended me to indulge my feelings without restraint.

“Cry on!” said the Doctor, “I knew it was what you wanted; the calm and hush were not natural. You will be the better of a little quiet weeping. And when I so cautiously broke to you the sad event of poor dear Annie’s death, it was not to prevent you from relieving your feelings by weeping, but that I feared some violent outbreak, some desperate act of despair. Tears are not unmanly in such cases, nor are they proofs of an impatient flying in the face of Providence; they are natural and proper, and relieve the oppressed spirit. They will serve you in another way too; I think I can promise that you will sleep to-night, and which I could not assure

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you of, had you continued as you were. Some of the young men, my pupils, occasionally stop the night here ; there are none of them here now, and you can have the bed of one of them. You must not leave me until after the interment."

That day arrived. There were mourning-coaches and mourners in them ; there were mourning cloaks and hoods, with mourning faces beneath them ; but in none of them, with none of them, was there the untold depth of love and sorrow, which swelled in the heart of the unnoticed, humble youth who followed the procession, whose eyes were bent heavily on the earth, or raised for a moment to the white plumes which bespoke her, what she truly was, a pure, an innocent, unwedded maid !

This romance of real life is over. Love's young dream is dreamt, such a dream as I can never dream again. I was then but little more than twenty, I am now ten or eleven years older ; and I can truly declare I never loved a woman since,—never looked on one with pleasure.

"No more—no more—oh ! never more, on me,  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
Which out of all the lovely things we see,  
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
Hived in our bosoms, like the bag o' the bee :  
Think'st thou the honey with these objects grew ?  
Alas ! 'twas not in them, but in thy power,  
To double even the sweetness of a flower."

BYRON.

A few days after all was over, a stranger came to my lodgings to inquire for me. He was a tall, thin, pale young man with nothing very striking in his appearance, save a pair of luminous eyes, and a splendid forehead. But these were enough. Goodness was in the one, and intellect stamped upon the other. On being shown into the room, and ascertaining that I was the person he wanted he drew from a side-pocket a small parcel, closely sealed.

"The commands of the dead are sacred, and should be obeyed, whatever may be their import," said the stranger as he handed the parcel to me ; "and this one I can undertake with pleasure, for I understand it is a Bible—a bequest to you from the late Miss Hammerton."

I felt myself grow pale, and I trembled as I took what he offered.

"I had not the pleasure of that lady's acquaintance," the stranger went on to observe ; "nor was it to me this precious legacy was consigned ; but to the female who attended the sufferer in her illness, and who transferred it to me as being more at leisure to discover your abode. For every day I pass this cottage."

"I take leave to guess, sir, that you are a minister of religion?" I said, as soon as I could speak.

"An unfashionable one, sir," he replied ; "I am a poor 'brother' of the 'order' of Wesleyans."

"Well, sir," I rejoined, "the Castle Doctor has his patients, too. But were I sick, it is the kind and friendly physician I would send for, he who would sit beside me, and patiently attend to my disease."

He smiled approvingly, and a conversation commenced that did not end for some time. On his departure he gave me his address, as I had requested.

When I was alone, with trembling hands I opened the parcel. It contained a Bible ; that one I had often seen her use. In the first

blank page was her name, written when she was comparatively strong; and underneath was mine, in scarcely legible characters. But oh! how precious they were to me!—how inestimable! The gift was a gratification to my feelings at the time, and it brought me to a knowledge of the imperishable riches of pure gospel truth.

The manner in which it was given to me also made an impression. I was interested for the young Wesleyan, and I made it my business to encounter him in one of his daily walks. But zealous though he was in his vocation, he was also cautious and prudent; and we had many meetings and many conversations before *religion* became our topic. Indeed it was I who first introduced it. But once it was broached, it did not soon cease. The young preacher's countenance instantly became illuminated, and his tongue unchained. For on any other subject he was not eloquent, but then he seemed inspired. I wished to renounce my religion; I was long prepared to do so. But my new friend would not permit me, until I had weighed the matter maturely. Prior to this, and at my earnest entreaty,



he accompanied me to every place of worship in the metropolis, and he pointed out to me what he considered absurdities, contradictions, and errors, more or less flagrant and baleful, in each. He never asked me to his own meeting-house. But I was sure he expected me to go there, and I went.

The first things which caught my attention on entering, was the extreme neatness and plainness of the dress, and the seemly order and decorum of the congregation—not a head turned, scarcely an eye moved to notice the stranger. (How different, thought I, from the chapel and the church!) But though there was this composure and abstraction, there was nothing apathetic in the faces around; on the contrary, there was much of mind and spiritual wakefulness. They sang a hymn—oh! how sweet and harmoniously united were the voices! Not the mechanical chaunt of a hired choir, but a genuine out-gushing of the heart! My friend then prayed and preached. I never heard such a flow of words with any preacher, or to my mind, arguments so clear and convincing. In fine, I was

decided ; for weal or woe, I that day made my choice. To a Wesleyan place of worship I would always go when it was near me, and if not, to a Protestant church.

To my surprise, I have heard that the Established Church keeps scornfully aloof from Methodism, and that some of its prelates and heads are as inveterate against that sect, as against Popery itself ! If they knew but all, they are wrong. They ought rather to hold out the right hand of fellowship, and encourage the spread of Methodism by every means in their power. No sect of Christians has made so many converts from the Church of Rome, and none so consistent or sincere ! I have heard of proselytes to Protestantism wavering, and even returning to their original faith ; but a Wesleyan convert never. And surely there must be something essentially good in the tenets which take such a firm hold of the mind and soul, amidst opposition from friends and foes !

When a man becomes seriously thoughtful of his state, present and future, and is yet so circumstanced that he must live amongst

the vanities and seductions of the world, he requires a something of stimulus to keep alive the vital heat of religion in his heart, and the Wesleyans offer that desideratum.

But that sect has been unfashionable with the higher and middle classes; the ranting of mean and uneducated professors has brought it into undeserved disrepute. That, too, is passing away. Education progresses, and the Wesleyans are quietly, but surely, holding on their course, their ranks every day becoming more respectable. And well that it is so. No other antagonist can so successfully grapple with the Church of Rome. Protestantism is pure, but cold, and the mass of mankind require *excitement*. Hence it is that so many great sinners, and weak-minded persons rush into Popery, catching with despairing grasp at its mysteries and ceremonies, which, like opium, deadens the sense of suffering, and exhilarates the failing spirits. The strong in mind, and clear in intellect, hold fast to Protestantism, and their hope is founded on an imperishable basis. But all are not blest with those self-sustaining gifts of mind; of

every sect of Christians there is a portion anxious, fearful, and despairing ; and to these the Wesleyans offer a ready, safe, and certain refuge. They have no mysteries, no imposing ceremonies. But they are *in earnest* ; they won't let a weak and wavering brother pause, halt between two opinions, a ready prey to Satan and his agents ; they are fervent, eloquent, strong in righteousness ; and they take and hold a sinner captive for his own good, not by fraud and imposition, but in the strong gospel-bands of truth !

I wish you could have known this young Wesleyan minister. Never have I beheld such an untiring, zealous servant to his Master. Seldom has he been in bed before two or three o'clock in the morning ; and before he has closed his eyes in sleep, he has travelled miles, and visited abodes of wretchedness that would sicken and appal any one less sincere ! Frequently I have been with him on those occasions, and never have we left one of those miserable hovels, that I did not notice a change as remarkable as lasting. Where there was discord, he has left peace ; where intense

suffering, his prayers imparted resignation and patience; and for sorrow and despair, there were comfort and hope.

Oh, thou BINDWEED\* to the weak and sickly human plants, that *crush* together in obscurity near the thoroughfares of life,—how many sinking souls didst thou reassure and sustain? how many mourners didst thou make sing for joy? for how many fatherless ones didst thou find a Father? How many widows had the blessed assurance that their “mite” was accepted in the Treasury of Heaven? How many fallen ones didst thou bring to *dry with their hair the feet of their Saviour*?† Thou wilt not boast of thy works of mercy. But I, thy friend, will say, that if ever spirit of mortal is hailed with hosannas by the company of angels, it will be the spirit of William Adair!

I never sought for,—indeed, I never thought of seeking for a situation after I left Mr. Ham-

\* The bindweed is a beautiful plant—the flower a pure white, of the convolvulus species. As its name imports, its tendrils twine around every plant in its neighbourhood, with a strength and tenacity hardly to be expected from its delicate stems.—E.D.

† Luke, vii. 38.

merton's, till all was over. I never had less inclination for new faces and new scenes in all my life. It would seem as if I had got enough of that world I had been so anxious to see. A death drove me from my solitudes into the thoroughfares of men ;—another death almost drove me back to my solitudes, as if life now had nothing new or beautiful to show. I believe I should have returned home immediately had I not become interested in other people's fates and fortunes.

While my beloved was ill (I know not how to speak of her, — Anna seems too free, and Miss Hammerton, too formal), and, indeed, while I was in the house with her, and under the spell of her fascinations, I had neglected some of my old acquaintances, and lost sight of others. How the folks of No. —, Baggot Street, looked and acted was enough for me ; and if *they* were well, all Dublin might be clothed in a general mourning, mortified in a general fast, or enjoying a general jubilee, for aught I knew or cared. But once the scene of my little drama was closed, and its queen and heroine departed,—I knew I should be forced to stalk

forth amongst the high and low actors on the great theatre, and take my place among them as of old.

The first day that I ventured from my lodgings fully into the city, I was fated to encounter some that I did not care to meet, and others that I did not hope to meet, however fondly I might wish it. Of the first class was the widow Butler. In gratitude for her kindness to me, when I was but a stranger lad, without money or credit, I always wished to pay her every attention in my power, but in the position in which I was placed with regard to her, I found that to be very difficult without being liable to misconstruction. She was, as you know, so favourably disposed towards me, the least attention I could pay her, such as calling to see her, would be sure to be set down to what I neither felt for her, or wished to seem to feel. And therefore, while I was at Walde Park, I seldom went near her, and after I came to live with Mr. Hammerton I never saw her at all. I was, as you may guess, more indifferent to her than ever; or rather—if the truth must be told—I took something of a disgust to her

and I most earnestly wished that she would become equally dissatisfied and disgusted with me, and think no more of Jim O'Dwyer. The widow then was the very last person I wished to meet. But meet her I did, full plump! and I was quite sickened with her high colour, and dark merry eyes, when I remembered the pure pale face and delicate features of the one ever in my thoughts! I was cold and reserved in my manner, and after asking her how she did? I wished to pass on. But she was too happy to catch me to read a lecture to me, long brewing in her mind, I imagine, and putting her arm within mine, she accompanied me through one or two streets.

"You have lately lost a friend," she began, in a tone of tender sympathy that I could well have spared, "I guess by your mourning, and sad looks?"

"I have," I coldly and shortly answered.

"It must have been a near and dear one?" she continued, and fixed her dark penetrating eye upon me.

"The dearest to me in the world!" I replied hastily. "Let us drop the subject."



This was quite enough. She was piqued with my manner, my late inattention, and above all the rest, with my want of confidence on this occasion ; and she assumed a privilege that has broken off many a match before and since, viz., to *lecture* before she had a *legal* right to do so. So she harangued at a great rate on "pride, self-conceit, want of knowledge of life,—on being puffed up with prosperity, and the baseness of ingratitude, *et cetera*," all of which was, of course, pointedly levelled at me. I was offended in my turn, but I spoke calmly, though decidedly. I told her that "I was always, and would be always grateful to her for her past kindness, and ever interested for her welfare ; and that I would not have been so long in Dublin, without having called to see her, only that I feared she would have imputed my attention to what never was the case, and never would be the case now,—attachment to her. I was willing," I said, "to fulfil my promise to her, when the stipulated time was out, if she would then exact it ; but that I very sincerely hoped she would long ere then have transferred her

affections to a meeter match, and a worthier person."

Without deigning an answer, she abruptly turned away in a bitter passion ; and I was very glad she took it so. Had she shed a tear, or shown much feminine tenderness, my conscience would be very ill at ease ; and as it was, I was very uncomfortable. So, fair ladies ! if you wish to retain a wavering love, never scold ! be mild, patient, tender, and you don't know how matters may turn out. Almost immediately after I met with one who put her, and almost everything else, quite out of my head for the time.

As I was hurrying down Grafton Street, I observed a tall gentleman in black, whose air and general appearance struck me as being very like a very dear, and as I believed, distant friend ; I riveted my eyes on him, and though he showed no sign of recognising me, when he came closer I was convinced.

"Mr. St. George !" cried I joyfully aloud, and pulling off my hat. He stared at me for some seconds without speaking.

"And are you Jim O'Dwyer ?" he exclaimed

at last, shaking my hand most cordially. "By Jove! I should never have known you!—I believed you a perfect stranger! Why—you are the most altered fellow I ever beheld! So smart, so nice looking, so gentlemanly—" he paused, and again examined me from head to foot. I was a good deal confused by his observation and his compliments; but, as my mind was full of other matters, I hurriedly inquired,

"How long his honour intended to remain in town?"

"I return to Castle Lindon this evening," he replied, "and I have been in town a full week. Where did you bury yourself? I inquired your whereabouts of Mr. Arnold; but he had lost sight of you since you left Mr. Hammerton. But," continued the dear gentleman, "we have much to say to each other, let us turn down this private street that we may escape this confounded crowd."

He condescended to take my arm, and we turned into York Street.

"Now," proceeded my kind friend, "ask me what you please,—whatever you wish to hear that I can tell you."

"First, then, dear sir, about yourself? you seem in good health, I thank God! but you seem as if you had lately fretted somewhat, and you are in black?"

"Yes," he replied, his countenance and manner changing, "my kind uncle and guardian is no more!"

I expressed my sympathy, and also asked his pardon for renewing his sorrow. And then, to change the subject, I told him that "I had just parted from my widow in high dudgeon!"

"What!" cried Mr. St. George, "quarrelled with her already? Oh fie! fie! Jim."

"Ah! sir, those women that have killed their man, and live independent for a while, are too much given to be masters. I have no heart for her now, and she will have nothing less than love. But it is time for me to give your honour a slight sketch of my adventures, if you will have the patience to listen?" I then proceeded to give him a true account of all that had happened to me since I had last seen him; and I had him alternately wondering

and laughing, till I came to my attachment, when he appeared to listen with some interest. But when I described the station and rank of its object, Mr. St. George abruptly exclaimed, "You goose!"

I admitted my folly, but pleaded in extenuation the circumstances in which I was placed, that hardly any one could have escaped; and that if I was silly, I was not willingly presumptuous or interested, for that if I were so, and encroached, I might have been successful, the person to whom I was attached having a fortune in her own right.

"You goose again!" he exclaimed, and more decidedly than before. He then attacked me with a very able cross-examination, touching the person's name, connexions, and even her place of residence. But much as I loved him, and convinced as I was that he liked me, and though I would fully confide in his honour on all matters concerning myself; yet I held out stoutly against him, and kept the secret, till wearied out, he gave it up, and talked of other affairs. He described his visit to my old home

at Kellystown, — pictured my dear step-mother's person, manner, and mode of reception of himself, and so ludicrously, he made me laugh heartily ; and also completely decided me against returning *there*, to soothe my sorrows, as I had some idea of doing. He then carelessly asked me where I was living at that time ?

I answered that, "I was not in situation at present."

"And with whom did you last live ?" he asked, with the same seeming indifference.

"With Mr. Hammerton, of Baggot Street, sir."

"Ah ! poor old fellow," cried Mr. St. George, "he lately lost his niece ?"

All my efforts could not hinder me from deeply colouring, or my eyes from filling with tears, as I replied, with as much indifference as I could assume, that, "I believed so." But I hastily turned away my head, lest I should be watched.

"Ah, Jim ! Jim !" cried my observant companion ; "you are not practised enough yet, my

boy, and all your subterfuges won't do! So," he continued, and lowered his voice, "it was poor Annie Hammerton! Don't look so dismayed and shocked! I must boast somewhat of my own sagacity, because you were so hard with me. But on my honour, as a gentleman, it shall go no farther! Now that the ice is broken, how was it brought about? For Annie was reserved and proud; and before she lost her health and colour, an exceedingly pretty girl."

Though I was shocked that I inadvertently discovered to him the name I held so sacred, yet, as I knew his principles, and had his word of honour, as well as my falling tears would permit me, I answered his question as fully as I could, taking as much blame to myself, and letting as small a part of the charge of imprudence rest upon the dear angel that was gone, as was possible to avoid. Dear Mr. St. George did not wish to distress me. And he soon after changed the subject by gaily asking me—"if, among all the fine ladies of Dublin, I had met with

no one of them I could recommend him for a wife ?”

“Beauty deserves beauty, sir,” said I, striving to answer in the same gay strain.

“And goodness deserves equal goodness; and, in these respects, I know no better match for you than Miss Arnold, the counsellor’s sister.”

He blushed deeply and smiled.

“Ha! sir,” I exclaimed, “*your* turn is come! You put me to some confusion just now. I have a notion you have seen the young lady?”

All then came out.

“Seen her I have, Jim, and I am head and shoulders—gone! But I am not cast off without hope. In a very few months I hope to bring her under my rule. And, as I shall be forming an establishment just about that time, remember, Jim, you once said you would like to live with me. Does the desire hold still?”

Delightedly I assured him that it was as strong as ever; and, after congratulating him on his beautiful and amiable choice, we separated,—he, with the joy of an accepted lover pursued his happy way; and I, filled with the



fond hope that I should live with the man I best loved, more cheerfully took mine. I had intended to have gone to Merrion Square ; but, when I understood the state of affairs there, I thought it better not to interrupt the happy party, and I deferred my visit until Mr. St. George left town.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning I took my way to Merrion Square. I purchased a newspaper from a newsman just then bawling his wares in my ear; and I was endeavouring to make out a piece of Dublin scandal, the first article that caught my attention, and, in my own mind, abusing the editor, for his want of courage, in giving only strokes and stars, instead of real names, or omit such things altogether,—which would be best of all,—when I felt some one smartly tap my hat with a switch or whip. It was Counsellor Arnold, looking better, and in higher spirits than I had ever seen him. Well he might! He had disposed of his sister to excellent advantage.

“So you have got the *news*?” said the counsellor, significantly.

“I have a piece of news here, sir,” I replied

which does n't interest me much, because I can't understand it. But, indeed, it is not of much consequence, for it is only a bit of non-sensical scandal."

"Let me see it," said Mr. Arnold, taking hold of the newspaper. "And you cannot make this out? Jim!" he exclaimed, and laughed heartily.

"No sir," said I. "How could I understand those strokes and things there's no meaning in?"

"Well, I'll enlighten you," he returned. "'The gallant son of Mars' is your old acquaintance, Colonel Nesbitt; 'the distinguished and fashionable fair one' is Lady Welde, otherwise Miss Mitchell; and the 'bereaved and afflicted husband' is your late Master, Sir Charles. Now, do you see anything clearer?"

"Something better, sir!" I exclaimed breathlessly. "But I don't yet quite understand;" and I began to re-read the paragraph with new interest.

"Ah! you stupid fellow!" cried the counsellor, snatching the paper from me. "Is it

not all as plain as day? An intrigue has been discovered between the Colonel and her ladyship; and poor Sir Charles has eloped from her, and once more has put himself under the care of his mamma!"

In wordless amazement I stared at him, to see if he was perfectly in earnest.

"Quite true! I assure you," said Mr. Arnold, understanding my looks. "They have certainly separated. But the wonder to me is, not that the business has occurred, but that you seem to be so surprised? You had no great opinion of her ladyship when we were conversing on that topic ere now. And I have been told that there was some coolness between Sir Charles and the Colonel, even before the Baronet's marriage; and that the cause was jealousy;—he fancied that the Colonel paid her too much attention. Was there nothing of this when you lived at Welde Park?"

My intellects were getting out of the mist. I perfectly well remembered the coolness and the surmises of the servants. "Ah! well done, Miss Mitchell!" cried I. "I knew

I was not mistaken in you! But poor Sir Charles!"

"But poor Sir Fool," cried Mr. Arnold with some bitterness, "what else did he deserve for his rash folly? But I can't spend my day talking of them. Where are you bound for now?"

"Indeed, sir," said I, "I was bound for your house, to tell you the old story, that I want a situation."

"Well, Jim," he replied, readily, "I have the old answer to give you,—you are as welcome as ever, and to remain with me till you get a good one. I must be more alert in your service next time. But why did you leave old Hammerton?"

"For a very silly cause, sir," I answered, and blushing deeply at the name, "all about a foolish song I had written at Mr. Frank's request."

"Oh, I recollect! the *parody*! 'Twas deucedly laughable. But I was sorry to see the poor old boy made so ridiculous,—the rage he fell into making the matter worse! But there is no use in lecturing you now,

you have paid the penalty ! So, on with you to the square. I shall be at home in an hour."

To do away all my scruples, Mr. Arnold told me, that he had that morning lost his clerk and that he should be obliged to ask my assistance in arranging some papers ; so the matter was settled. I not only had no objection, but I felt it a great privilege to be allowed to do any office in my power, in gratitude for his many kindnesses.

On to the square, then, I went. I saw Miss Arnold ; she was looking as lovely as ever ; and from a certain absence of manner, and blushing softness, I could imagine whom she was thinking of. This made me feel more interest in her happiness, and, indeed, she treated me with even more affability than ever. I was vain enough to fancy that my dear and constant friend, Mr. St. George, spoke of me in kind terms to her and her brother, and I was anxious to have an opening to speak of him as I felt,—I therefore took an opportunity to tell her, as if I did not suppose that she had seen him, how surprised and delighted I

was to meet that gentleman the day before, and I freely poured forth all my thoughts and feelings with respect to him, and warmly and sincerely prayed for his happiness, as well became me to do so.

When I first mentioned his name, the fair creature drooped her face over her work, and continued to sew on with great perseverance ; but as I went on, and grew warm and earnest in my prayers and praises, one bright, beautiful tear trickled down her cheek, and she abruptly turned away. Oh ! if tears could congeal, and be preserved, what "pearl of price," could equal *that* pearl of purity,—that pearl, affection,—to him ?

When Mr. Arnold returned, he brought me into his study, and set me to copy some documents for him. But I saw it was a mere excuse to do away my scruples about remaining in his house in idleness, he would not permit me to write for more than an hour each day. How grateful ought I not to have been, to that kind Providence for giving me such friends ? I trust I was so, and at all events I was doubly careful to preserve unspotted that

*honesty* and *integrity* which had chiefly earned them. You will shortly have an instance of the estimation in which your humble friend was held.

It was just after finishing my light task one morning, and was leaving the study to go to lunch, when a tremendous tatterara at the house door startled me, and almost shook the house. As the footman was not immediately in the way, I offered my services to attend the door, and on opening it, I was surprised and glad to recognise the handsome face of Sir Charles Welde, my late well-beloved master. He looked thinner than when last I had seen him, and though he affected great animation of countenance, and gaiety of manner, yet there was a nervous restlessness about him that convinced me that his spirits were artificial.

"Ha, Jim! my boy!" he exclaimed, for a moment looking naturally pleased, "glad to see you, 'faith! But is Counsellor Arnold at home?"

"In his study, sir," said I, hurrying on to show the Baronet the way. But fast as I



walked, he walked still faster as if he were contending with me which should be first, all the time humming an air, and affecting great *nonchalance*. I flung open the door of the study, and, without giving me time to announce him, Sir Charles walked in. Of course my business ended there,—I closed the door, and retired.

Though, had I had an opportunity, I should have liked much to speak to the generous young Baronet to show that I was grateful and remembered his kindness, yet I forbore to thrust myself in his way again, fearing that my presence might recal unwelcome reminiscences; and I hastened to the servants' hall that I might be out of his sight when he was leaving. Hardly had half an hour elapsed, however, when the footman hurried down to me to tell me that "Sir Charles Welde desired to see me *instanter*."

I hastened up stairs, and into the hall, and I found that the Baronet was just stepping into his carriage. He beckoned to me.

"Are you living here?" he hastily inquired.

"No, your honour," I answered, "I am not in situation just now."

"Come with me. I wish to speak with you."

I bowed, but I looked appealingly to Mr. Arnold (then standing on the door-step) as I thought I ought to do. He understood me, and waved his hand in sign of permission. I then took my place beside the coachman, and the carriage drove off. Scarce had we got into the suburbs when the string was pulled, the carriage was stopped, and I was ordered to get inside.

"Well, Jim," cried Sir Charles, with the same affected gaiety I had remarked before, "have you become proud of late?"

"Proud, sir," cried I, "I hope not; it would ill become my place, and, indeed, it becomes no one that —"

"Pooh! pooh!" he impatiently interrupted, "*you* ought to be the proudest man in Ireland, for you are a prophet—a real prophet, by Jove! Before the *year* was out, Jim, I remembered your words!"

I could not pretend that I did not under-

stand him, and I knew not what to say, so I remained in anxious, unpleasant silence.

"Come, boy," the Baronet continued, endeavouring to shake off his own embarrassment, and to resume the careless indifference of old, "speak out! all the world knows it now, and, of course; you so speak up like a man. No reserve between you and me. Don't you pity me?"

"No, your honour," I answered at once; "I don't see any cause for pity. I rather think you are to be congratulated on your escape, and that you knew all so soon, and that she, Lady Welde, left you—"

"Left me?" he thundered out, and starting angrily round to me. "She did *not* leave me—she did not leave me; but *I* left her. Not she, by G—d. But I left her."

Over and over again he reiterated this, and I saw that it considerably soothed his wounded feelings to repeat it.

After a pause, Sir Charles resumed the subject, and his voice expressed a depth of sorrow his manner and deportment vainly tried to conceal.

“She did not leave me, but I was forced to leave her. And, oh, Dwyer! who would expect she would turn an ingrate to me? To *me*, who took her to my arms from the very dregs? To me, who stood beside her when all the world looked down upon her? And she seemed so grateful, and so fond! Would you believe it, my friend—(you *are* my friend. When a man’s feelings are outraged, and his heart bleeds, the empty distinctions of birth and rank are forgotten—they are worthless in comparison to the true heart and clear head of a friend, were he a beggar in his rags. And you possess both Dwyer,—you are a gentleman by nature, and it is a relief to me to speak and open my mind to you)—would you believe it, I say, that that woman, that faithless, false woman, has repeatedly thrown herself at my feet, has wept over me in my bed, complaining to me of my own mother and sisters, till she has worked upon my credulity and weakness to believe, not only that she adored me, but that she was the most injured and ill-treated of mortals through her devotion to me; and that it was a sacred duty I owed to her to defend her, and

make atonement for all she endured on my account. Yes! Thus she gained upon me,—thus she feigned at the very moment she preferred,—no, not preferred, for she could not *prefer* that padded, made-up old campaigner to me; but at the very moment the mean-souled wretch was amusing herself with another. And he, too, the scoundrel! By heavens! Dwyer! I kept that man from a jail. Out of my own pocket I have given hundreds to supply his extravagancies.”

He broke off abruptly, and ground his teeth, and clenched his hand, as if his enemy were within his reach; I seized on the opportunity of his silence to use any little influence I might have over him to calm him, and turn his thoughts to something else.

“Dear sir!” I implored, but respectfully and with the earnestness of true regard, “don’t speak of them! don’t think of them! you have a happy release from both the one and the other. Better part with her now than later, when perhaps she would have a family to inherit her shame.”

“True! true!” he exclaimed, and eagerly

catching at my words, "I ought to be happy, and I *must*! Come, Jim, we will spend this day socially together. Ay! and many days! Come! once more for town!"—and furiously pulling at the checkstring, the coachman was commanded to wheel about, and return to the city.

I was thunderstruck. — Not that I was sorry for the order, for I should have felt rather awkward in returning to Welde Park,—but much surprised at the sudden whim, and wondering what the motive could be; though of course I did not presume to make any remark. However, I was not long in doubt,—and a curious page of the volume of human nature was opened to my view!

"Yes, Jim," pursued Sir Charles, with a sort of reckless gaiety, "we will be this one day jolly! Welde Park does not suit me in my present mood,—it reminds me of all I would forget. The 'Pleasures of Memory,' writes Rogers. The 'curses of memory,' say I! But we'll be this day jolly,—let the morrow take care of itself. Did you ever hear me sing?" (singing)—

“Oh, there’s nothing in life can sadden us,  
 While we have wine and good humour in store;  
 With these, and a little of love for to madden us,  
 Show me the fool that would wrangle for more!”

His voice was very pleasing; and much I wondered at the depraved taste of the woman who could turn from youth, beauty, rank, and wealth, to “prey on garbage.” Colonel Nesbitt certainly looked a fine enough man; but I believe he owed his figure to his tailor; and compared to the young Baronet, in the full flush of youth and health, he appeared exactly what he proved himself to be,—an oldish, knowing, swindling campaigner, who could *fool* both man and woman.

Sir Charles sang away till we again got into town, and till the coachman drew up to ask where he was to drive to. He was desired to stop at the first good hotel he should meet with, but not at “Morrisson’s.”

“Not at the Bilton?” asked coachee!

“No! I am well known there too; and also at Gresham’s.—Proceed!”

Our Jehu seemed sadly puzzled; and his master’s wrath was rising; so I asked permission to go outside and reconnoitre. Soon after,

and in a more remote part of the city, I met with a hotel of a tolerably promising appearance ; and which, luckily for me, was tolerably comfortable within. The coachman was dismissed, with a command not to return with the carriage till next morning at eleven ; and with somewhat of his former gay and thoughtless air, the Baronet took possession of his new lodging, not suffering me to leave his presence for a moment.

You will feel astonished, and perhaps incredulous,—you will not believe, that a man of his wealth, rank, and consequence, could be so totally friendless, as to be compelled to throw himself upon one so much beneath him, for sympathy and society, at such a moment. But, if you be so, you know not much of human nature, and less of the Great. No class of persons in the world are so little certain of heart-sympathy when they need it as are the high and mighty ! Associates they will have in hundreds ; nominal friends too. But how few of them are ready and willing to turn from their own concerns, or to cloud their enjoyments, to stay by, and sincerely sympathize



with, a companion under misfortune! And again, how few high-spirited young men, in the delicate and peculiar position of Sir Charles Welde, would choose to show that they *required* sympathy? He would not brook a word, or hardly a look, of pity from an equal! But I was like the lowly plant that sends forth its odours when the proud foot presses it;—the incense of a true and affectionate inferior was grateful to him, because he could cast me off when he pleased, and I should not be hereafter in his way, to despise him for the weakness he could not conceal. And thus it was that he leant upon me, and that I had an opportunity to witness the infirmities and varieties in our nature. Still, I believe he was attached to me, as I certainly was to him.

While dinner was preparing, which Sir Charles had ordered directly after his coming to the hotel, he amused himself with observing the groups of people passing and repassing the window, in that, to him, new quarter of the city; and in commenting on, and laughing at the coquettish airs of some milliners' girls in an opposite shop. Even, then, I

remarked a singular change in his tastes. One of the girls was plump, rosy, and attractive; the other decidedly the reverse, being thin, pale, and cross-looking. I honestly gave my opinion in favour of the *first*. Sir Charles preferred the last; nay, launched out in praise of her! "Bless us!" thought I; "has he lost his discrimination with the loss of his wife?" In the course of the evening I found a solution of this enigmatical perversity of taste. The heart does teach the eye to see as it pleases!

When he had dined, and, indeed, before I had quite finished my dinner, that peculiar tattering-bell which distinguished the Baronet's method of ringing summoned me to his presence. I obeyed with all possible alacrity, and I respectfully stood at some distance from him, intending so to remain whilst I was in the room. But with impatient peremptoriness I was commanded to sit down, and at the same table with himself! I was confused, and, indeed, vexed with this unnecessary piece of condescension. But he was in no mood to be disobeyed, and down I

sat, to witness what I had rather not have seen, and what I never shall forget.

There were two decanters of wine on the table, besides several sorts of liqueurs. One of the former Sir Charles pushed to me; the other he appropriated to himself; and while you could count twenty, in moderate time, it was drained. He next caught at the bell handle, and furiously pulled it.

The waiter appeared.

"Wine! fellow, wine! A dozen, and be d—d to you!" shouted the Baronet.

The terrified attendant flew out of the room, and almost instantaneously returned with the wine, and withdrew.

"This is tolerable stuff, Jim," said Sir Charles, holding up his glass between himself and the candles,—"considering the sort of cabaret we have fallen upon. Come! my boy, you must pledge me in a toast."

I was sitting in constrained and anxious silence, my eyes fixed upon him, apprehensive of I knew not what. But when I saw him stand up to give the toast, with his flushed countenance, wild eyes, and reckless air, I

would have given anything that I had not come with him that day. "But," thought I, "if I can keep him from the one exciting subject,—the sorest of all to him,—all may go well." While I was thinking this, Sir Charles demanded "If I were ready for his toast?"

"I am ready sir," said I, for to hesitate or refuse him was death!

"Very well! Here goes. 'A speedy visit to H—ll to the Colonel and my Lady!' Hip! hip! hurra!" And, yelling like a fiend, he flourished his glass round and round the lights, and then dashed it to atoms against the grate!

"For God's sake, sir," I exclaimed, starting up, and trembling with anxiety and alarm, "be moderate! Do not think of those bad people, I implore you! Why will you disturb yourself about them, when your honour knows you won't remedy what is past? Many hundreds of gentlemen in the same circumstances would think themselves happy to be in your honour's place this night,—young, rich, and without incumbrance,—free, when the law allows you, to marry again. Instead

1. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

2. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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**SECRET**

SECRET

**THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR**

**BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT**

**WATER RESOURCES DIVISION**

**WATER RIGHTS SECTION**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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of which, you let every one, even strangers, know your feelings."

He sat down directly, and somewhat quietly, too, and, after draining off another bumper, in rather a subdued tone, he addressed me thus,—

"Jim!"

"Your honour?"

"Will you answer me truly and fairly?"

"Indeed, I shall, sir! As fairly and truly as I ever spoke in my life."

"Did you ever love—any woman?"

I was a little startled at this question, and a good deal surprised that he asked it, but as I had given my promise, I replied truly, that "I did once."

"You did! Well?"

"I have lost her, sir," I answered, with unaffected emotion.

"Lost her!" echoed Sir Charles, starting, and fixing his eyes eagerly on my face,—  
"How?"

"By death, sir."

"By death?" he repeated abruptly, and then added in a peculiarly mournful tone,—

"Ah! better 't were by death, than thus! Oh, Kate! Kate!" and, bursting into a violent passion of tears, he let his arms fall flat upon the table, and laid his face down upon them, in powerless grief!

I do not think that I was ever more shocked, affected, and surprised in all my life! In the first place, though Sir Charles looked ill, though he seemed unhappy, and even despairing, at times, yet I believed it was the rage and shame of being duped which solely affected him,—but never for one moment did I imagine that he cared one sixpence for, much less *regretted*, the woman he knew to be so base and abandoned,—and this outburst of tenderness confounded and amazed me! As I looked upon him, and listened to him sobbing, in the violence of deep and long-repressed feeling,—oh! how heartily did I anathematize the guilty wife, the padded Colonel, and the rash, and, in this instance, silly husband, that would not at once "whistle her down to the wind!"

I did not venture to interrupt, or to soothe the poor young man; I thought it was quite enough, and too much, that I should be witness

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to his weakness ; and, besides, I hoped the indulgence of his grief would soften and soothe him to quietude — anything rather than the bacchanalian fury of the moment before ! In silence, then, I gazed upon him, my eyes overflowing with tears ; as I could not help comparing my situation with his, and owning that I was the happier of the two. I had lost the being I had cared for most on earth, and so had he ; but oh ! how differently ! how much more blest was the fair, unpolluted girl in her grave ! dying in her youth and innocence, than the wife with her titles, her grandeur, and her infamy ! And how much more happy and *respectable* was the insignificant menial, in his poverty and temperance, than the splendid and wealthy Baronet, suffering from the re-action of headstrong passions ! Such reflections gave me much content I admit ; but they did not make me insolent or presuming ; and his mother or sisters could not have felt more real pity for the unhappy young man than I did ! I was even distressed lest he should feel uneasy or abashed when he would recover himself and see that I was present and observed him. But I

found that he was too utterly and really broken down for that! He knew, too, that I felt for him; and what no other living eye was permitted to see he involuntarily disclosed to me—that it was not his pride which was wounded, but his love!—love! for such a woman!

After many minutes of deep grief, Sir Charles looked up; and, spite of myself—for I had resolved that he should not find me observing him—he caught my eyes fixed upon him with intense interest;—he immediately stretched out his hand and warmly pressed mine.

“You have seen a fine madman to-night, Jim,” he said, and struggled to smile as he dashed the tears away. “But one comfort is, no living soul knows as much of me as you do! and I fear even you, you kind-hearted fellow, must despise me, as I despise myself. From the manner in which you have spoken of her, I know you did not think I cared so much for Lady Welde. Nay, I can guess what you think. You say to yourself, ‘Heavens! does he love that artful, designing, abandoned woman, who has made him a toy and a dupe!—who has

disunited him from his family, and utterly disgraced his name and connexions!’ Thus you think, Jim, though you do not say so. But—but” (striving to assume a manly look and tone) “marriage is a tie you cannot understand; when a man resolves to take a woman, he readily overlooks her imperfections and magnifies her charms and virtues; and it is not easily, or soon, that a true husband’s eyes and heart are undeceived. Besides, I assure you, Lady Welde had become a fine woman—a very nice woman! and she could be fascinating when she pleased. But what of all that? She deceived me!—

‘Go, deceiver, go!

’Tis useless to upbraid thee;

Hate cannot wish thee worse

Than guilt and shame have made thee!’

But where’s the tranquillizer?—the lethe?—Wine?—Jim, I shall infallibly become a drunkard! Uncork that bottle!”

“Please your honour,” I began hesitatingly, yet deeming it my duty to interfere, “if I might take the liberty to advise—I think—if you had not taken so—so much wine, you would not have been so affected just now.”

Sir Charles broke out into a wild laugh.

"So much!" he exclaimed. "Did any one ever hear such a ninny? Two bottles, and part of a third, 'much!' I hope to finish the half-dozen before I sleep. — Uncork that bottle!"

This was awful news for me. But I could no longer venture opposition. The bottle was uncorked! He now rattled away at all sorts of nonsense—sang bits of fifty different songs—here a word right, and there a word wrong; now in a high key, now in a low, just as the humour suited, and not at all according to the tune. Then he denounced all sorts of vengeance against the Colonel;—"He would follow him to England, and horsewhip him from one end of the kingdom to the other! He would bring an action against him, and have a divorce, and marry the first girl he saw, if she was an oyster wench! And, finally, he swore that 'Nesbitt, besides being wadded and padded had a *wooden leg* and a *glass eye*!'"

I observed the Baronet closely at this crisis; his disordered hair, blood-shot eyes, flushed cheek, trembling hand, and reckless bearing,

altogether presented the picture of a victim of debauchery and violent passions, terrific and disgusting ! Soon after, he was in a state neither to distinguish light from darkness, or wine from water ; he became utterly insensible. I could not bear that any eye but my own should behold him in such a beastly state ; and, though he was a much larger man than myself, by great exertion, and between dragging and lifting, I got him into the adjoining bedchamber without calling for the waiter to assist me. Then, the task was to get his clothes off, and him into bed. At last I succeeded ; and did you know all the trouble I had that memorable night, you would admit that the *honour* of a Baronet's society very hardly repaid me !

I was afraid Sir Charles would become sick, and I brought my own mattress into his room, and lay down without taking off my clothes, determined to stay awake to watch him. He lay quite immoveable for three or four hours, and I was in hopes he would not waken till morning. But, just as I was settling myself for a doze, he abruptly called out "Jones !"

and then "White!"—his former and present valets.

"Here! sir," cried I, cheerfully; "not White, but Jim!"

"Ah! Jim!" said he, in a kind tone, "worth fifty of ap-Jenkins, ap-Jones, or ap-White! Get me a glass of water. My head aches sadly! I do believe I was gloriously drunk."

"Pretty well *on*, sir," said I, and handed him the water. "Now, sir," I continued, "if you are inclined to stay awake for awhile, I will sit up and talk to you. For there is not a wink on my eye, and 'tis only three o'clock."

"No—no! my kind fellow!" said Sir Charles; "I will not impose upon your good nature. But hark ye, Jim" (lowering his voice).

I drew close to his bed.

"Where do you think Lady Welde is now?"

"No matter where she is, sir!" I replied. "Wherever she is, depend upon it she is not happy. But I suppose she is in town. Did

your honour not tell me that she was in Dublin, and Colonel Nesbitt in England ? ”

“ True ! true ! ” he rejoined in a satisfied tone. “ I had forgotten ! Go to bed, my dear Jim ! Depend upon it I shall never forget this night ! ”

“ Nor I, either,” thought I, as I tumbled into my blankets, and prepared myself to close my weary eyes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LAST night, as it were, you saw me boon companion and *valet de chambre*: behold me now privy councillor; prime minister, and guardian! As soon as breakfast was dispatched next morning, the Baronet's hasty tintinnabulum summoned me into his presence. I obeyed, and discovered my *soi-disant* master striding up and down his apartment apparently big with some "great intent." Motionless as Nelson's Pillar, I stood for full five minutes, awaiting my commands — in vain! That Sir Charles had something to *say* was evident; but it was also quite plain that he could not bring himself to say it with his usual *nonchalance*. For each time he would seem about to speak, a deep colour flushed over his face, he hesitated, looked irresolute and awkward. Now, though a well-taught and discreet servitor does not feel it his duty to



address his superior first on such an occasion, he is not interdicted the use of his eyes, and as I gazed on the intelligent countenance of the gentleman before me—full of matter, and which was ready to break forth, if his tongue was not held in check by my dignified and impressive presence, — much I wondered (considering all that I already was privy to) what awful affair it could be that was about to be confided to my faithful breast? At one moment I fancied that his honour was about to cut my acquaintance altogether, and that he found himself awkward in setting about it. I next feared that he was going to dispatch me to England, with a *cartel* to the runaway Colonel; or to propose to me to privately assassinate her ladyship. Something awful I thought it must be, at all events; and while I was beginning to quake and shake, and resolve to promptly refuse having any act or part in anything iniquitous, I was most agreeably relieved by hearing the carriage roll to the door, and by the presence of the waiter to announce it. The sound and sight recalled the Baronet also to himself, and, with a hurry

and abruptness which betokened the extremity of the case, he opened his mouth and spake.

"Dwyer," he commenced—(whenever it was to be a light, pleasant confab, it was always "Jim;" when serious, "Dwyer")—"after all that has passed between us, all you have known and seen, I will no longer hesitate to place the fullest confidence in your good sense and right feeling. Hem! I am about to submit a case for your opinion; and, in giving it, remember, I shall expect that you will speak with candour, and that also you will consult your moral and religious feelings as much as your prudence and propriety. Hem! hem! I'm confounded husky after last night's debauch! You are aware—hem!—that I am bound by sacred ties,—by the law of God and man, to—to—my wife. Hem! hem! I solemnly pledged myself to succour, support, and shield her, in weal or woe, from the world. She did not leave me; she did not follow him they call her seducer to England; she still abides in my house, and claims my protection. And now—remember, you are to consult morality and religion, I say!—am I justified before God in

deserting her, and sending her upon the world, without a home or portector? Speak up! Quick! I wait your opinion."

"Fair and softly! sir," I cried, in a terrible hobble. "Let me think—"

A very few minutes before, I would have given her ladyship to the dogs, but the Baronet took me so short, he so earnestly appealed to my better feelings, and, also, to morality and religion, that when I pictured to myself the unfortunate woman, homeless, friendless, and finally deserted by her seducer; and, above all, when I saw that the injured husband overlooked his disgrace and yielded to compassion, I hesitated, was silent and irresolute.

Sir Charles quickly perceived my indecision; and, taking advantage of it, he pressed me to reply at once—

"Speak up!—I insist on it!—we have no time to spare!"

Pressed so home, and taken so short, I was just about to answer as he would have wished. A doubt even struck me in her ladyship's favour. "Perhaps," I thought, "she was only suspected, and that there was no certain evi-

dence of her misconduct ; and, if so, in all justice and humanity he ought not to desert her." Sir Charles was still hurrying me to speak.

"I have but one question to ask your honour," said I, "and then I will answer you like a true and good man :—Are you *sure* of Lady Welde's misconduct, or are you only suspicious of her ?"

The husband's countenance instantly fell, and most reluctantly, but still unequivocally, he admitted that she had the effrontery to acknowledge it herself."

As he said the words my face burned with indignation and contempt ! and, as I perceived he still looked wavering and irresolute, I made him no other reply than reminding him that "the carriage waited, and that I supposed Lady and Miss Welde must have been alarmed when they saw no sign of his honour yesterday, and when no message was sent to them to say what had detained him in town. And, Heaven knows," I added, "the poor ladies have suffered enough already !—Never did I pity any one so much as Lady Welde !"

Sir Charles looked stupidly at me for some seconds, as if he did not hear what I was saying ; then snatching up his hat and gloves,—

“Well ! it is all over !” he exclaimed, hurriedly,—“the die is cast ! Attend me to the carriage. I knew you had a clear head and true heart, and I abide by your decision !”

Most joyfully I followed him down stairs, and assisted him into the chaise, at the door of which I stood, hat in hand, ready to bid him farewell, and to wish him all happiness. But with a tremendous oath, he said, that

“If I would not accompany him, through thick and thin, by sea and land, he would never more speak to me, and that he would put placards up all over Dublin, offering a reward of a thousand pounds for my apprehension, as a thief and deserter !”

“Does your honour require me in any way ?” I inquired.

“To be sure I do ! you priestly looking fellow ! You were born and bred in Maynooth !”

I had no more to say, so I stepped in, and took my seat. Sir Charles flung himself

into a corner of the carriage, in rather a sulky humour. I well knew the cause, and as I thought it better not to let him brood over his woes, if I could help it, I plucked up my spirits, and, unasked, commenced to give him a slight sketch of my adventures up to that period. At first he pouted, haughtily waving his hand to me to be silent. But I knew my man! I continued to talk away, as if I were enjoying myself at a great rate, and by and by I had his honour in the best possible spirits. I taxed all the drollery I was master of in portraying my father and M'Gurk's exploits. I described the scenes at my mother's wake and funeral; the first meeting of Miss Diana M'Gurk and my father; his courtship of Rose Dillon—repeated the sublime poetry addressed to her—enlarged upon the race, and his subsequent disappointments—introduced the spree of the "Wing of Old Nick,"—set off on my travels—dwelt upon my coquetries with little Jenny O'Dell—and finally wound up with the eventful day I strolled out to the Rock; till at last, the worthy Baronet's fit of spleen ended in a fit

of cachination, so broad, and of such duration, I had opportunity and leisure to admire and reckon his very handsome teeth! But when all was over, and I for a moment was resting my tongue, I had the mortification to find, that the only one of my *dramatis personæ* he remembered, was Jenny O'Dell! Over and over again I would describe her, and still as I would describe, he would interrupt me with, "She's a dear little girl! I like little Jenny! Go on! Jim, go on! Black hair and eyes?"

"Yes, sir, and the nicest, smartest little person!"

"I am in love with Jenny! Go on!"

"And she dresses so neat and tidy, and she's so witty and smart!"

"I say! Jim—find out little Jenny for me, and leave me to make my own terms!"

I promised to make all possible exertions in his honour's behalf, the very first opportunity, thinking it would be a fine piece of policy to drive out the idea of one woman, by the hope of another; and especially as poor little Jenny was out of harm's-way, in

the county —, and, as I believed, then a married woman. "Let him rant away about Jenny," thought I, "till he forgets the *wife*, and then I will manage the best way I can."

Cheerfully then I answered all his queries, and we were in a fine flow of talk, till we came in sight of Welde Park, when I suddenly lost all my spirits. I became a little uneasy at the thought of encountering the formidable Dowager who had so disliked me! and I also felt a little awkward on Miss Mason's account. Sir Charles noticed my sudden gravity and inquired the cause?

"Lord! sir," said I, "if her ladyship gets another sight of the 'savage brute,' the 'equanimity of the household' will be more 'disturbed' than ever! Oh why did you bring me with you?"

The Baronet laughed at my perplexity. But on one point he set my mind at rest, — he assured me that his mother was then much disposed in my favour. "For," said he, "when that d—ble business occurred, in my confusion and despair I have frequently remembered and repeated your words, caring little who heard or



understood them ; and thus it was that my mother discovered that the poor 'savage' had a better head and heart than she had given him credit for. So Jim, cheer up ! Let me see who would now treat you unkindly in *my* house !”

And I found indeed that there was a great change in her ladyship. Hardly had I got into the house ere I was summoned into Lady Welde's presence ! I knew Sir Charles wished her to send for me. But at all events, she no longer disliked me ! and from what followed, I knew she would of her own accord have taken an opportunity to see and speak to me. In some trepidation I entered the splendid drawing-room, in which were Lady and Miss Welde ; and while I stood at the extreme end, bowing down almost to the carpet, both ladies addressed me in the most friendly terms. Lady Welde “ hoped I was very well, and that I had been in comfortable and respectable service since I had left Welde Park ; declared that it would always give her satisfaction to hear of my welfare, and she trusted and wished ~~that~~ I would live in her family once more !” To

all of which poor Jim could only stammer, and scrape, and look unutterable things. But no sooner had Miss Welde left the room for a few moments, than her ladyship's state and dignity of manner vanished ; starting up, and running over to me,—

“Oh ! that horrid woman !” she exclaimed, in a low voice, and with uplifted hands. “Do you know, Dwyer, I was never more alarmed than yesterday, when Sir Charles delayed in town ! I was afraid he had got into the hands of that artful woman again ! Do you know, she is making every effort to regain her influence ? and she has had the effrontery to write him a penitential letter, which by the interposition of Providence, fell into my hands first, or we should have been all undone ! What to do I know not ! I can truly declare (and the poor woman's eyes filled with tears as she spoke) that I neither rest at night, nor partake of food with appetite, from apprehension and anxiety !”

Lady Welde paused, and as I thought I ought to say something, I observed that “I did not wonder at her ladyship's anxiety, for that

it would be a thousand pities that a gentleman of Sir Charles's open and generous nature, should be under the control of a person with qualities quite the reverse."

"Pities!—A thousand *sins*!" her ladyship vehemently exclaimed. "My fine boy! my dear, single-minded, generous boy! Now, Dwyer," pursued the fond mother eagerly, "you possess great influence with Sir Charles—wonderful indeed considering everything—and could you but induce him to take a little tour—to Wales, for instance, where his sister and Captain Dickson are—it would materially serve him, and all of us! So long as he remains in the vicinity of Dublin, he is liable to fall into the vile woman's snares. For my dear child is young, soft, and ignorant of artifice. And if she met him once, and affected contrition—and well she can dissemble—the shocking wretch! he would indubitably be duped again. So Dwyer, good fellow, as my only hope, I shall recommend the tour; and if you have opportunity, I pray you to use your best endeavours to that end!"

Her ladyship then very handsomely offered

me a *douceur*. But though I did want cash at the time, I steadily and decidedly refused the gift.

"My lady," quoth I, "anything in my power I shall do to serve the family out of attachment to Sir Charles! For I hope I shall never forget his honour's condescension and kindness to a poor, unknown lad; nor his trust in my honesty when I had neither discharge or recommendation to entitle me to his notice. I therefore deserve no reward beyond the pleasure of being permitted to be with his honour, and in doing my duty."

Lady Welde looked approvingly, and as if she was saying to herself, "You are no common servant certainly," and like all able tacticians I immediately took my leave. I was very much pleased with her ladyship; and the annoying drawl was nearly banished in her earnestness and anxiety on the subject of her son.

Great man though I was, and high as I found myself in the good graces of the rich and great, I was not sorry to find my old fellow servants glad to see me again. Indeed, that

evening there was a little jubilee amongst them on my account. But I sadly missed Jones and Miss Baviere. Mr. White, the present valet, was a solemn coxcomb, fully as conceited as Jones, but with none of his gaiety and good humour ; and the only lady's maid was Miss Mason, who received me with reserve and coldness of course, and which considerably damped my efforts to be agreeable. Even Old Clark showed symptoms of good fellowship. With a smile more lugubrious than his tears would have been, from the spasm-like twist it inflicted on his countenance, he observed that "I did not then look like one that would sit upon morocco chairs and *snore*" (the same awful emphasis as of old) "in the presence of nobility."

"Not at all, Mr. Clark," I replied ; "I am now so impressed with their grandeur and godlike endowments, compared with us, poor common mortals, that I can hardly bring myself to lie down on a bed under the same roof with them !—Oh ! I acknowledge I was quite a brute !"

"'T was all ignorance of life !" quoth the

august butler, soothingly ;—"all want of experience. Even I—though I hardly think I could—might have done the same in your circumstances ! Nature overcomes the best-bred men sometimes. (Ding ! ding ! ding ! ding !). There is that impatient young man's bell ! He will never learn the dignity of rank ! And the butler stalked off with an air and step of "dignity" at second hand.

This bell was to summon me to attend Sir Charles to the stables. I found poor "Spunk" thoroughly lamed ; and that "Sir Slasher," having slashed too violently at some of the stable assistants, was sold. There were two or three other pieces of "blood" lately purchased ; and, in commenting on these, their perfections and imperfections, their good points and their bad, and in listening to histories of their pedigrees and exploits, a couple of good mortal hours were consumed. The Baronet was so particular to bring me so early to the stables, and so eager in pointing out the excellences and vices of the various animals, I fancied that I was about to be *installed* (there is a sort of pun for you !) groom once more ; but when

the dinner-hour came I was undeceived. When the dressing-bell gave out its signal, a footman hastened to me, to desire me to run up to Sir Charles's dressing-room. "What the deuce is this for?" I asked myself as I followed the footman who led the way.

"Come here, Dwyer," said Sir Charles, in that sort of way as if I had been about his person all my life, "assist me to change my dress."

"Sir!" I began, surprised and feeling for the situation of White (the valet), who was standing by, mute and motionless with surprise and vexation, "your honour knows I don't understand such things, and I fear I would be but an awkward attendant."

"Not a word more!" cried the peremptory Baronet; "you did very well this morning. I care not how I am dressed! I tell you I *will* have no one else about me! White, you may go down!"

With an offended air the valet turned about, and marched out of the dressing-room, slamming the door angrily after him; and with only a tolerable grace I entered upon my new

duties. Though I could not help feeling grateful to Sir Charles for his attachment and preference of me to a more finished servant, I was not entirely pleased with him for his capriciousness, and his summary dismissal of White without a just cause. "But the great!" thought I. "What benefits in riches and power, if they do not bring extraordinary privileges?—if grand and rich people cannot indulge their whims and passions, no matter at whose expense?"

When I went down to the servants' hall, I found a change in the manners of the servants towards me. The valet had got down before me with his story and complaint, and when I came in, he was walking up and down the hall in desperate wrath. I thought all his impassioned eloquence was levelled at his master, but I was much mistaken; all he said, and he said a good deal (not to, but at), was directed at poor innocent James Kelly O'Dwyer.

At last he more directly addressed myself.

"It was a mean, dirty thing," proceeded the incensed brusher of coats, "to step into an-



other man's situation before he had given it up. And for his part, he would not sit in comp'ny with such a pitiful underminer."

At this crisis, two dozen eyes were levelled at me, if not with anger in their glances, at least with dissatisfaction ; and this, with the fellow's attack, roused my anger and spirit.

"Heark ye, Mr. White," said I, and stepped up close to his jaw, "I had some feeling for your situation and your feelings awhile ago, and when you kept to decency ; and I felt very sorry for the treatment you received from your master. But since you 've become abusive and impertinent, I think you have been treated as you deserved. I will, therefore, give *you* no satisfaction, but I bid you pocket your affront ; put it in your pipe and smoke it ! But to these respectable servants, with whom I have spent seven months in peace and happiness, and, I hope, in respect and regard, I will explain this much,—that so far from undermining any man, no one could be more astonished than I was, when Sir Charles sent for me to his dressing-room ; and, moreover,

I would not be here to-day, if he had not insisted on my coming with him, and which Mr. Ellis (the coachman) very well knows. And, furthermore,—but *you* may take no comfort from that, Mr. White, — I would wish all present to know, that I cannot hire with Sir Charles, because I am engaged to another gentleman, as soon as he forms his establishment, on his marriage, and which will take place in a couple of months. I therefore hope, my worthy and respected friends,” addressing the whole tribe of servants generally, “that you acquit me of what that person accuses me of,—of undermining him, or any one else in the establishment?”

“I can and will stand to the truth of what you say,” cried Ellis (the coachman), with the lungs of a stentor, and a most imposing air. “Sir Charles not only insisted on your comin’, but he swore a thumper, that ’most made myself leap off the dicky, that if you wouldn’t come with him, he would post you all through Dublin. So, my lad, if he intends to make a bishop of you, instead of a valet, where is the man who will say, how dare you, eh?”

“That makes all fair and square!” said my ancient friend and ally, the little “tiger,” now growing a fine tall fellow; “but we need never go beyond Jim O’Dwyer’s own words, for he was ever a true and loyal fellow servant. And a pretty welcome we’ve given him! Going to eat the head off him, because Sir Charles asked him to hand him his shirt! Come, as many of you as are glad to see Dwyer here again, out with your hands to him, and don’t be keeping the dinner waiting.”

This good-natured appeal had an instantaneous effect. And the crest-fallen Mr. White had the mortification to see that I had not hands enough to take *all* the hands that were thrust to me, accompanied by warm expressions of regard and welcome. Nothing like a good conscience and character! A man is always at peace with himself; and he may be sure that the world will not be long unjust to him, if it will ever.

When my little spurt of anger was over I made allowance for the valet’s ill-humour. I considered how *I* might feel in his situation, and in his circumstances; and I was not easy

until he, too, gave me his hand, which he did the more readily that I had told them that, at all events, I could not occupy his berth long. However, though I earnestly pleaded for him with the Baronet, and even told him that I could not stop with him, being pre-engaged to Mr. St. George, he was dismissed next morning. What was the cause? "He had slammed the door violently when leaving the dressing-room the day before!" But I thought there must be something more than mere caprice in this peremptory dismissal; and one of the servants gave me the cue,—White had been recommended by Colonel Nesbitt!

I was then only anxious to further Lady Welde's wishes about the tour she wanted Sir Charles to take, and I was eagerly waiting an opportunity to put in my word in favour of it. I suppose her ladyship did propose it to her son. But if she did, she said nothing to me, and I waited in vain for my cue. But, as the project promised great amusement to myself, and as I really thought a change of scene would serve Sir Charles, I was at length resolved to make the opportunity I could not find.

"Your honour," I commenced, the fourth morning after I had come to Welde Park ; "you have dismissed your man, and you have put one in his place who knows nothing about the business of valet. Now, I had intended going to see some friends of mine while I was waiting for Mr. St. George ; and, if I stay with you, sir, I must beg your honour to allow me one week to myself. For I declare I must go see little Jenny O'Dell ! Absence is a cruel thing to a '*love-year* !'"

Sir Charles laughed. "By George," cried he, "I had forgotten Jenny !—pretty, neat, little Jenny ! So you must go see her ? Stay—let me consider ! My mother teazes me to go to Wales, where I've been often, and seen its mountains and lions. I'll tell you what, Jim ! You shan't trudge it on foot on this little tour of yours ! Our island of saints is newer to me than England, Wales, or Scotland ; and, by Jove ! I will spend a week or two in surveying those parts I have not seen ! You shall accompany me, and, while we are out on the ramble, you shall see little Jenny !"

I rubbed my hands, capered about, and pretended to be in high glee at the proposal ; and I eagerly asked " When his honour would start ? "—" To-morrow, if you choose," was the reply. So the matter was settled. Sir Charles communicated his intentions to his mother and sister, and the next morning we started, sure enough.

## CHAPTER IX.

BEHOLD me now seated in a splendid barouche, by the side of Sir Charles Welde, Baronet, of Welde Park, in the county Dublin, and of Castle —, in the county of — (the family seat); whirling along the road to Bray, as we intended making the tour of the island by the coast, and to commence on its eastern side. By the aid of four excellent post-horses we were soon in the county of Wicklow, and there I would fain have stopped for awhile. But, unfortunately, I had the honour to travel with a gentleman who had but little taste for the picturesque, and a great deal for hurry, bustle, and variety; and where I would love to linger for days, he would not stop for hours, nor hardly for minutes. So that the Dargle, Powerscourt, the Glen of the Downs (how beautiful

that sounds !), and the Seven Churches—or “Glendalough” we just looked at, and away ! By great entreaty I got him to stop at the “Meeting of the Waters” for an hour or so ; and I believe he would have become restive, and been off within that short allowance of time, but that it afforded him amusement to laugh at my rhapsodies (as he termed them) as I repeated the exquisite lines this lovely portion of the kingdom had inspired. I need not insert them here. Who but has sung, or heard sung—

“ Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest ” ?

I don't know any other song which Moore has written that so *generally* endears him to the lovers of song and sentiment, as this one, addressed to the “Meeting of the Waters.” The “Harp that once through Tara's Halls” is another favourite. But, for the one that will select it, a thousand will sing, or repeat, the other with delight. But you are not to suppose that it is my favourite, for all that. For if I could find a singer with voice, taste, and feeling, united, I would choose the “Harp,”



&c. But I am on my grand tour, and I must not be prating of music and song.

We did not see much to admire in the county of Wexford, excepting the scenery of the river Slaney, near Wexford, which is really beautiful. But one thing I did not fail to remark, that the people were politer, and spoke with a better accent than any others we met with on our travels. However, I have been told, that this smartness in manner and language was confined to those parts of the county nearest the coast ; for that the people of the interior were as vulgar, and spoke with a brogue as shocking to "ears polite" as even my own native Kellystown. And as to Waterford and Cork, they surpass ! And Kerry, ditto ! And Galway and Mayo, ditto ! ditto ! Horrible,—most horrible !

In the fair city of Cork Sir Charles stayed a whole week. He picked up acquaintance with some officers, and went to a ball that they gave while he was in town. He was very much pleased with the Cork ladies, and had he been free, I dare say he would have been tempted to take one of them to wife ; but as

it was, he only groaned, and cursed the Colonel and "Kate," and all the world.

Our next stop was at Killarney, and there the Baronet really did open his eyes! Nay, he was so enchanted, he vowed he would build a villa there, and spend at least half the year in it. I need not describe our Irish lakes to you,—indeed, I *could* not. It is the spot of which Ireland may be proud! And, taken altogether, this, our "gem of the sea," need never hang her head among other nations of the earth, as if she were ashamed of herself! I am not a "flaming patriot,"—right or wrong,—all for "my country!" And yet, I say,—where is there the like of it?—soil, climate, productions, resources,—ay, and *people* too! Give us but proper instruction, and we are a fine race. But let me whisper it in your ear,—our instructors (I don't mean our *school-masters* either) require to learn in another school than that in which they are taught. I also will say, that too much "conciliation" is not the way to make us "good boys." I once heard a little fellow say,—and there was much pith in his distinction, and a moral that might

have a wider application, — “I like Uncle Harry best, because he makes me a little afraid of him. I behave myself when he is by, and I don’t do wrong and be punished. But Uncle William lets me do just as I please ; I get into scrapes, and am beaten !”

Let our rulers be like “Uncle Harry,” and not “Uncle William,” and we will get into no “scrapes,” and escape “punishment.” A free, full, and a somewhat *scriptural* education, is the thing !

From Killarney we whirled as fast as four spirited steeds could transport us on to the Giant’s Causeway. It is not my intention, my dear Mr. Nugent, to describe all the sights which astonished or enchanted me, in the course of my tour, nor to detail all our adventures. The Baronet might have been a little wild or so, if I had not kept him to his trumps. For, really, no venerable and reverend tutor or guardian of seventy, could be stricter in his morality, or in enforcing due decorum than I was. However, I must admit I was not equally peremptory on all occasions. One female we did take into the carriage ; but she was the full

four score. And a queer, shrewd old dame she was. We were ascending a very steep hill when we perceived a little old woman with a good sized bag of something on her back, trudging up the road before us. She was quite bending under her burden ; and when the barouche came alongside of her, Sir Charles asked her would she like to have a ride in the carriage.

"Eh ? Bedad I would !" cried the old dame, stopping short, and turning up to us a rosy, merry little old face as you could see.

The carriage was immediately stopped, and the kind-hearted young Baronet himself alighted and assisted her and her bag into it. She directly seated herself on the front seat with as much *nonchalance* as a lady ; and without returning any thanks or speaking at all, she set about feeling the cushions and examining all the fine things around her, with a keenness of scrutiny, and a carelessness as to our remarks truly laughable.

"Bedad ! yez are very *cumfortable*," said the old lass at length, with a good-humoured smirk ; " an' I 'm thankful to yez for the lift."

Satisfied now with her survey of the barouche she next turned her attention to its occupants, and perfectly indifferent to our stares and smiles, she turned and looked from one to the other, from head to foot, and with the same keenness of scrutiny she had bestowed upon the carriage.

"I hope you like us?" said Sir Charles, much amused with her *sang froid*.

"Yez are two purty boys," was the prompt reply.

"One of us is a lord," said I; "which is it?"

"He to the right there," she answered at once; and so it was.

"Why," said the Baronet, "you are a witch. I'll wager you can tell fortunes."

"May be I can," returned the old dame, smiling knowingly; "and to give yez a touch of my thrade, both of yez loved some one not long ago."

"Pooh!" I interrupted, "your saying that shows you are no fortune-teller."

"An' had tears in yer eyes about them, too," pursued the crone without heeding my observation.

Sir Charles now gently touched me on the arm, and looked a little surprised.

"Well," said he, "suppose we *had* tears in our eyes, did we both cry for the same reason? Eh! now that decides your fortune-telling."

The fortune-teller hesitated for a minute or so, looking intently from one to the other, and then readily answered—

"No, yours was *false*" (nodding to Sir Charles), "and yours *death*!" (to me).

We were both a good deal surprised, indeed; she perceived it, and enjoyed her triumph, laughing heartily, whilst we were silent, and looking at each other and at her alternately.

"Well, yer honour," said the old dame, at last, when she had chuckled sufficiently, "I'll not desave ye any longer. I don't purtind to be a fortune-teller, though maybe I knows as much as those that do. But one that has come to the age of four-score, and closely reads the only buck (book) she can read—the face and the manner—sometimes can make good guesses; an' indeed that's all I knows about the matther."

"You old hag!" cried the Baronet, regaining

his spirits, which had somewhat deserted him a moment before! "I am myself a better fortune-teller than you are! You love whiskey, you love tea, and you dote upon tobacco. Am I not right?"

"Very near it, yer honour," she answered, and laughing heartily.

"And you are a mother and a grandmother."

"Aye, sir, an' I'll be a *great* gran'mother afore I gets home! I am carryin' this thrifle o' whate to the mill, to have it ground for the christenin'. An' oh dear! oh dear! I wish the coach 'ud stop! There! we're afther whizzin' past the mill!"

The whizzin', as she called it, made her head giddy, and when she descended to *terra firma* she tottered and fell,—

"Ah, honies!" she cried, and looked up to us with a smile full of meaning, "'tis a warnin' to me, an' all my sort, to keep in our place! When we gets a lift in the world we gets giddy. Fare yees well! good fortune at-tind yez both!"

Sir Charles flung her a handful of silver to pay the expenses of the christening, and we

left the fine old granny, curtseying and blessing "his honour." Now how did she so well hit upon our circumstances? The mourning which I still wore, might have helped her to *my* share of the guessing. But how did she stumble on Sir Charles's affair? Certainly, there was an absence in his looks and manner at times, and a waterishness in his eyes (for this was only a few days after leaving Welde Park, and his misfortune was still in his head) which betokened something of the despairing lover. All we can say is, the octogenarian was a keen observer. Nor was her last remark lost upon me; and I determined always to keep in "my own place," lest I should get "giddy" and fall!

When we were on our return to Dublin, and touched upon the county of —— (in which I had told him Jenny O'Dell lived) Sir Charles began to teaze me most unmercifully about her. I was a good deal puzzled, very like one about to fall into his own trap. I had not the most remote idea of putting poor little Jane in his honour's way, even if she happened to be in the same place still, and unmarried; but I



knew not how I should get out of the hobble with the impatient Baronet. He quite well knew where she lived, for his constant inquiry had been when we came into the C——, "Whereabout is this Mr. Reynolds's abode?"

Of course I told him where, and the town it was near. Therefore, when he arrived at this town, he continually asked of one person or another to be directed to Mr. Reynolds's, and when we came to the gate, he knew it as well as myself. It was then I was in the hobble! My only hope was that Jenny no longer lived there, or that she was married.

"Your honour," said I, in a pretty considerable perplexity, when the carriage stopped at the gate, and the Baronet desired me to get out, and go up to the Glebe, "I think we had better make inquiry at the cottage near us? It belongs to Mr. Reynolds, and probably the people can tell us if Jenny O'Dell is living here still?"

"Do so," he replied; "but no stopping for long stories."

Into the cottage I ran, and the first person I saw was Jenny O'Dell—so dirty, so tawdry,

so fat and untidy, so totally and lamentably changed from what I had seen her, that I burst into a roar of laughter before I could speak a word! There was not a trace of the neat smart figure, nor of the lively, coquettish, agreeable air that had charmed me. Her face was immoderately fat and dirty, her hair hung in tangled locks, partly thrust under a soiled cap, and partly hung upon her neck; her bosom was loose and motherlike; her gown looked as if it was worn a twelvemonth without being changed; her shoes were slip-shod; one stocking had a tolerable hole in it, and the other hung loose on her ankle; her countenance was cross, and her manner coarse. She seemed *en famille*, and she had another imp squalling on her lap; and to sum up all, she was so confounded and confused at seeing me,—instead of giving me her hand in friendship, she seemed more inclined to knock me down for my intrusion! I merely stopped to learn that she was married, and to my old rival Tom, when I ran out to Sir Charles.

“Sir,” said I hurriedly, and hardly able to speak, “Jenny has left Mr. Reynolds’s family.

But there is a very pretty woman in this cottage, if you would like to see her."

Out of the carriage he sprang, and dashed into the cottage. In a second he was out again, disappointment and anger in his countenance.

"What the devil are you at!" cried he, in a rage, and hastily got into the barouche, "delaying me with such nonsense! Get in, instantly."

"So you don't admire that woman, sir?" I asked, as well as I could articulate.

"Admire her?" thundered the Baronet, "the dirty, tawdry, cross-looking devil!"

"Oh, Lord! Poor Jenny!"

"Who? — what?" cried Sir Charles, quickly.

"That was Jenny O'Dell, sir," — and no longer able to control myself, I gave way to the most immoderate fit of laughter that ever seized me in my life, and the more so that I was afraid I should be knocked down by the enraged Baronet. I never saw him angry with myself till then. After abusing me for my impertinence in daring to tell him such

falsehoods, he flung himself into a corner of the carriage, and would not speak to, or look at me for half the day.

At length I submissively pleaded that it was no fault of mine, if she grew such a fat, dirty little devil! I left her as nice a little girl as any man could see or speak to. But that odious marriage has completely spoiled her."

"She was *never* pretty or nice," insisted Sir Charles; "she has good eyes, if one could see them with the fat,—but that is all."

"Bedad she was! sir, both pretty and nice," I stoutly maintained. "Heaven help you, sir! did your honour ever see a distracted kid upon a mountain?"

He laughed,—

"No; not that I recollect."

"Well, sir, I was just like that about Jenny O'Dell!"

This queer comparison amused him, and we were soon as good friends as ever. A few days afterwards I had the satisfaction to restore him to his fond and delighted mother, a good deal fatter, and in much better spirits than when he

had left home ; and, to add to the Baronet's good humour, Captain and Mrs. Dickson were at Welde Park to receive him.

In a day or two Lady Welde sent for me to tell me how much she was pleased with my care of Sir Charles ; and, also, that the unfortunate—whom she could not call Lady Welde—finding that Sir Charles was beyond her grasp, had given him up for ever, and had set off for England to join Colonel Nesbitt. “So,” concluded her ladyship, no longer alarmed, and her old affectation returning with her quiet, “the—a—trial is—a—all—we—a—want now, and—a—divorce. And—please God!—we—a—shall have—my—a—dear boy—a—free—to—a—choose a—more meet—companion.”

Captain and Mrs. Dickson were to remain a month at Welde Park ; and when they were to leave, Sir Charles was to accompany them to Malta. This arrangement gave me no pleasure, as I could not go with them. I would, by no means, break my engagement with my first and constant friend, Mr. St. George ; though above all things I should have liked to

go abroad ; and, though I was more than ever attached to the Baronet (who really showed an affection for me), I was obliged to refuse his reiterated request.

And the day at last came that they were to set off, and put my steadiness to the test. Everything was ready, and for the last time Sir Charles came to me to entreat me, with tears in his eyes, to go with him ! My heart, indeed, was pained while I resisted ; and when the carriage drove off, and the kind young Baronet waved me his last adieu, I was overpowered with a sorrow that I thought nothing could again bring about after my late great affliction. And I found that I was rash and precipitate too. Had I made the same inquiries a day before Sir Charles went, that I did the day after his departure, I should have been spared all trouble and regret, and I should have been on my way to see some of the most beautiful portions of Europe ; for he was to continue out for some time, and to visit Italy, and I know not where else besides !

When I got into town, and called at Counsellor Arnold's, I understood from the servants,

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that Miss Arnold's marriage with Mr. St. George, was put off for many months, in consequence of another death in her family, I believe her sister ; and that Mr. and Miss A. had gone to their seat in the county Louth. Here, then, was fine news for poor Jem O'Dwyer ! I put myself out of one charming berth, without having another ready to pop into ; and what was worse, I lost an opportunity, never to come again, of gratifying my passion for travelling on the Continent !

"Oh murder ! murder !" I exclaimed, when I learnt my loss, and found out my folly, and if not actually tearing my hair, at least tugging at it as if I were about to do so—  
"What a fool I was ! and what am I to do ?"

"Stay with huz, my dear Mr. O'Dwyer !" cried Mr. Arnold's fair house-keeper, intending to cast a very affectionate eye upon me ; but from her obliquity of vision, her tender glance fell upon an old battered pensioner, then doing duty as porter. "No man in the world would be more welcomer, and you can't think how snug we shall be together."

This invitation was heartily seconded by

the few servants remaining in the house. But I was too independent a personage, in every sense of the word (especially with a good *fifty pound* proof of my dear young Baronet's liberality in my pocket), to sponge upon any people, particularly in their master's absence, and I decidedly resisted the house-keeper's pressing invitation.

Mr. Arnold's newspapers, still in their covers, were lying on a table in the front parlour. One of them I took the liberty to open, the "Saunders" of that morning, which might well be called the servant's gazette and friend. In the midst of the "wants" was one, which rather attracted me by its moderate tone, requiring but little, and promising but little. It ran thus :—

"Wanted, by a genteel family in town, a respectable inside servant. Wages moderate, as he will have very little to do. Apply at No. —, Upper Mount Street, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, each day."

Instantly a whim seized me. I liked, as I said, the tone of this advertisement ; I thought

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it probable I knew enough of *butlering* to suit these people, and at all events I would see about it. And away I sped to No. — Upper Mount-street ! The house seemed very small to me, after the fine mansion I had lately left. But at all events it *was* small, though everything had been done to give it a striking and attractive appearance ; which, with my subsequent observations inside, convinced me that the family were adepts at making the most of small means. I pulled the bell, and after some delay, and a smart call within, the door was opened to me by one of those low, bunchy, stunted creatures, in country phrase denominated “Fondlins,” or Foundlings ;—greasy-looking, and far from tidy, a clean apron being only just tied on, and in such haste, that while she was speaking to me, it was falling off. Poor girl ! she was in a most uninteresting perspiration—and no wonder. In five seconds she was called, or rather screeched at, five times, and by different voices. The appearance of this damsel, and the impatience manifested by the screaming members of the family, did not impress me very favourably ; and I was on the

eve of muttering some excuse, and conveying myself hastily away, when the mistress of the domicile came out in a flurry to demand of "Prissy" why she did not attend to the calls of her young ladies? and arrested my flight by a polite request to know my business? I explained my errand,—as I was not prepared with any other excuse,—and the lady, with an appearance of surprise, and with much consideration in her manner, led the way to a small sitting-room to the right as we entered the hall.

Whilst this lady was examining the few papers I had to exhibit, and while I was explaining to her where I had last served, I had full leisure to examine her; and in truth I found her a "variety of life" to me hitherto unknown. She was of low size, and had been very pretty, though a brunette with *light* hair and high colour. But if I gazed at her from that day to this, she would neither ask nor care whether I looked with admiration or the reverse, so much was her whole soul engrossed with efforts to be "smart and fash'nable;"—to make three hundred a year do the duty of a

thousand ; and to get Miss Pye, the eldest of her children, well and quickly off her hands. She eat, drank, and slept ; dressed, paid visits, and saw company to no other end ! She appeared all animation and life ; but it was more the bustle and excitement of business,—like the stirring little mistress of a hotel for instance,—than natural temperament. She spoke quickly, and with rather a pretty accent ; and her talk was all of the “ world ” and of “ fashion,” affecting to be knowing, clever, and *au fait* in everything ; from policy, rather than positive inclination. For underneath all this acting there was much simplicity and good nature. But more of this anon.

Mrs. Pye (for such was this lady’s name) frankly owned to me, that she thought, from my appearance and manner, I was too “ high ” a servant for her means ; that, for her children’s sake, she studied “ genteel economy,” and could afford but trifling wages. I liked her *natural* manner, when now and again it broke out ; and I informed her, in reply, that I could only hire for a few months — explaining the reason—and that if she was satisfied with my

"characters," *et cetera*, I should make no objection to her terms, whatever they might be; acknowledging that, though I seemed servant-like, I did not at all consider myself a clever attendant.

"In that case," returned the lady, smiling with much good humour, "I think we shall agree. No one could object to your testimonials. And I confess I would be very glad to have a showy-looking, smart servant, if I could afford it. I consider myself particularly fortunate in gaining you. But I must consult Miss Pye. Miss Pye goes so much into society, she has so many fash'nable, genteel acquaintances, her opinion in those matters entirely guides mine." And up she started, rang the bell, and enter the little over-worked "fondling."

"Prissy! where's Miss Pye?"

"Don't know, mem," said Prissy, sulkily.

"I s'pose in the drawin'-room, with Mr. Peak."\*

"Fie! fie!" exclaimed Mrs. Pye, affecting great displeasure; "not with Mr. Peak, but old Lady A——, I dare say. Mr. Peak is a very fash'nable, nice man, and is constantly

\* The genuine name of that gentleman, now no more.

here ; but Miss Pye is not with him. Prissy ! send Miss Pye here directly !—only for one moment, tell Miss Pye !”

Miss Pye was mentioned so often and so importantly, as if a personage of vast consequence in the family, if not to all Dublin, that I resolved to be on my p's and q's before her,—the *arbitratrix elegantiarum*. But I found it was part of her wily mamma's policy to try to make her appear so. For Miss Pye's entrance only showed me a very pretty, slight-looking girl, artless and unaffected ; something of the doll in beauty ; and with not much mind, and that little unsophisticated.

“ Miss Pye, my dear,” began the matron, and fixing a scrutinizing eye on the daughter as she entered, to note if there was a curl astray, or anything wrong in the arrangement of her dress,—“ I 've thoughts of engaging this young man,—has lived in highly respectable families,—your admirer, Sir Charles Welde's one of them,—can be recommended by Counsellor Arnold, of Merrion Square (where you have been at a ball), and by Mr. St. George, of Castle Lindon (whom your dear papa knew so

well),—undertakes to do all we require, and makes no objection to the wages. What say you, Miss Pye ? ”

Miss Pye looked at me carelessly and good-humouredly, and was about to reply in an ingenuous, simple manner. But Mrs. Pye hurriedly made some observation in French, and, to my astonishment, the young lady, with an immediate change of look and tone, as if she had started into a new character on the instant,—with an affected drawl, remarked, that “ the young man was a very servant-like person indeed, and that from his recommendations she supposed that he would be quite unobjectionable,”—and then walked out of the room, like a heroine off the stage ! There was such evident show-off and acting on the part of the mother, and such *naïve* simplicity on that of the daughter,—one reminding me of a drill sergeant, and the other a recruit, falling into her exercises at the word of command,—that I could not restrain a smile, and it was well I did not laugh aloud in the face of the “ fash’n-able ” Mrs. Pye !

But, at all events, I was hired.

## CHAPTER X.

I WAS not permitted to enter on my duties for three days; for, as Prissy informed me, under the rose, "Her mistress was so much struck with my superior appearance, she had turned the house topsy-turvy to make the bad pass off, and the good look better, before she would suffer me to see the furniture."

Poor woman! If all which met my eyes looked anything worse before they were polished up to meet my scrutiny—how deplorable they must have been! In fact all the furniture was second-hand, and in the last stages of decay, but by rubbing and varnishing they *glittered* at all events; and that was as much as their owner required. The drawing-room carpet had once been a splendid one; but by the time I was fated to place a foot upon it there was hardly a trace of pattern or colour,

and with the exception of a spot here and there, like green spots in the desert,—almost all of the verdant moss had been trampled into arid patches as bare as the king's highway. The cane-seat chairs had become sunken and sallow as an old bachelor's cheek (I was about to be profane, and say an old maid's). The sofas required the graceful drape of the cloak or shawl to conceal the wear-and-tear (and no one knew better than Mrs. Pye how to dispose of such articles), and the damask curtains had been so often *dipped*, the Dublin dyers with a sort of parental fondness would exclaim, as they took their Sunday strolls by No. —, Mount Street—"Ah, there is the curtains that I coloured. How well the old ones look still! But they'll soon want a refresher."

In short, everything in the house was in proportion, and not one good article did I notice excepting a pianoforte. But that was indispensable, or how could she get on, or off, her daughters, especially Miss Pye?

From the tone of these remarks, perhaps you will think that I make them in an uncharitable mood, either out of malice, or with a desire



to bring the management of this poor lady into contempt? But Heaven forbid. I have been thus particular in describing to show you her exceeding cleverness in getting on so well under such disadvantages, and with such means—a complication of difficulties under which a less clever, less resolute spirit would have sunk. For in addition to her straitened circumstances, her family was large, and all of them daughters.

“Now, Mr. O’Dwyer,” began my new mistress the first morning I entered on my services; and after showing me the whereabouts of servants’ hall, kitchen, and pantry, volubly running over the routine of my duties, dwelling on the conveniences, and apologising for the deficiencies of her house:—“Now, Mr. O’Dwyer” (I always address my upper servants respectfully, it makes them think more of themselves, and adds to my own respectability), “you see everything here is genteel and plain, all for use, and nothing for show. I cannot help it, Mr. O’Dwyer; my family is so numerous, my connexions so highly respectable, and my acquaintance so extended; if I did not study

genteel economy, I should be obliged to draw upon my daughters' fortunes,—one thousand each [not a penny the poor girls had]. Miss Pye, as the eldest, one thousand, five hundred. I see an immensity of people in this house—all of the very *élite* of Dublin. Constant balls and parties, besides a literary meeting once a fortnight (Miss Pye has a literary taste) and a prayer-meeting every three weeks (for Miss Pye is inclined to be religious). Do you read and write, Mr. O'Dwyer?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Because," continued Mrs. Pye, "on our *conversazione* nights, a secretary is sometimes necessary, to record a bright thought, new idea, or a well-turned sentence; which, though ever so brilliant and apposite, is often overlooked in the heat of conversation or perhaps lost altogether, unless it happens to be written down. I may therefore find you useful for that purpose. And on our prayer-night,—which is on a Thursday every three weeks, your business will be to collect, dust, and arrange the bibles, tracts, and other religious works, which are scattered about the

house, from one meeting-night to another. As to my general parties and balls, of course you know your duties too well to require any directions from me. But be sure, Mr. O'Dwyer, to be ever ready to attend to the door! For I have many visitors [rat-tat-tat-tat]. And there is one this instant! I am sure it is Mr. Peak. Admit him,—I am always at home to Mr. Peak. I wonder where is Miss Pye.”

As quick as a person of my consequence should move, I proceeded to the front door, opened it, and admitted a genteel-looking man of about forty, whose animated countenance, and alacrity of step in ascending the stairs to the drawing-room, betokened something of the impatience of the lover. And such he was to Miss Pye.

Under the heavy sulky exterior of Prissy, the ladies' (and children's, and house-) maid, there was a good deal of shrewdness and observation. Once she got over her shyness with me, she amply revenged herself for all the teasing and torment of the children, and the unmerciful duties required by the adults, by letting me into the private history of the family, and by telling me of every word and

transaction that occurred above stairs, and what I could not possibly know.

“Lord help you, man,” she would say, “we are blinded and bothered with Misther Peak and Miss Pye! The mistress says that ‘the first match in a family is the making or the breaking of it.’ And that the first in her family will be a good one, the poor woman works like a cart-horse! I don’t think she cares about anything else on this earth, or in heaven above! Miss Pye would have lots of admirers, but none of them dare come within sneezing distance of her, but Mr. Peak, and sometimes a Mr. O’Neill, a clergyman. So, to-day Miss Pye is all gaiety and dress, to shuit Mr. Peak, and to-morrow she is as grave as a Quaker, and as religious as a Methodist, to shuit Mr. O’Neill; slipping on a change of manner and look, as easily as she slips on and off her gownds—all by direction of Mrs. Pye. But this is not all, or half all; she is daily drilled on her walking, and her talking; her dress and her looks; her eating and her drinking; her standing and her sitting. Then there is ‘Miss Pye’ here, and ‘Miss

Pye' there ; ' Miss Pye ! don't stoop over your work ! ' ' Miss Pye ! don't sit up so stiff ! ' ' Miss Pye ! don't laugh so much ! ' ' Miss Pye ! don't look like an undertaker at a funeral ! ' ' Miss Pye ! don't eat mustard or cayenne ! they make the nose red, and the eyes water ! ' ' Miss Pye ! sit close to the fire ; or better to get up, and jump about, as Mr. Peak is coming, and you look pale.' And so on, till I assure you, Mr. O'Dwyer, the poor girl is often ready to cry, and wish she was either dead or married ! Then to hear the mistress boasting ! If you believe *her*, not a nobleman or gentleman in or near town, but admires Miss Pye. And there's not a ball at the Castle, or a party in Dublin, that Miss Pye has not been asked to. ' And all this is to puff her off for Mr. Peak. But still Mr. Peak 'don't propose.' And I will lay my head to a chiny-orange, or an ingen\* for that matter, that before long the mistress will put some grand schame in practice ! If I hear anything about it, I will tell you, Mr. O'Dwyer ; and if *you* gets a scent of it fust, won't you tell me ? "

\* An onion.

\* I promised that I would, and also inviolable secrecy of course, and the last promise I intended to keep. Though I despised, and rather disliked this little talkative urchin, yet I must acknowledge she put me in the way of amusement. She threw light upon what seemed dark, opened my eyes to many things I would not have noticed, and prepared me not to be astonished, and to keep my countenance at the scenes I witnessed. Since the world was a world, as Prissy said, no poor woman ever worked harder for her daughter than did Mrs. Pye! Yet the eternal talking of Miss Pye, and to Miss Pye, not only bored her acquaintances and domestics, but made her inconceivably ridiculous in the end. Besides several younger children, she had two other daughters, grown up, and nearly grown; but she neither permitted them to be seen nor talked of, to avoid the expense of dressing them out, and to prevent their interfering with the prospects of Miss Pye. Not that Miss Pye was her favourite, nor was she the prettiest. But she was the eldest, and (as Prissy said) "she should go off well, or the others would go off

ill, if they would go off at all. In fact, you would hardly believe (and I hardly believed Priscilla) all the ridiculous scenes that even *I* was a witness to! For in Mrs. Pye's determination to act up to the one settled purpose of her soul, she cared not *who* witnessed her manoeuvres, so that Mr. Peak was not behind the scenes. I had seen automaton figures moved by wires; and more than anything else in the world Miss Pye reminded me of one of these, so mechanically did she "roll her eyes,"

"And look delightfully with all her might."

Now all animation, and by and by, affect the pensiveness of a Madonna, according as the gay or the grave admirer—the *littéraire* or the *religieuse*—was doing homage at her shrine. Now here is a dialogue *from the life*; it took place in about a fortnight after I came to live with Mrs. Pye. The mother and daughter had been at a party the night before; and whilst I was removing the breakfast tray next morning, the matron commenced as follows.

"By the by, I am very much displeased with you, Miss Pye—"

"Gracious! for what, mamma?"

"Why did you not weep, or at least seem

to do so, when Mr. Mornington sang so beautifully last night?"

"Weep, indeed! I never once thought of it!—I was chatting to Mr. Peak at the time."

"Fie! fie! such a want of sensibility and taste! I dare say Mr. Peak observed it, though he said nothing; every other creature was affected but only you! And how much more lovely and interesting would you have seemed had you dropped a tear or two; or, at least, faltered in your voice to show that you had a soul that could be touched by concord of sweet sounds! Whenever you hear that song again, remember to weep, especially if you are speaking to any young man, or one looking towards you at the time!"

"I will try to remember, mamma; but, really, it is hard to cry when one is inclined to laugh!"

"Another thing! Miss Pye, you must wear a cap."

"Oh mamma!" Miss Pye exclaimed, with a scream of dismay, which the previous lecture on her want of taste and sensibility could not produce, "I cannot wear a cap! it makes quite a fright of me!"

"No matter!—Mr. Peak said to me, last



night, 'women are not women without caps:' so a cap you must wear!"

"One thing I know," persisted Miss Pye, with something like disobedience in her looks,—“Mr. O'Neill does not like a cap! I heard him scold his sister Jane for once wearing one. And no man has more taste than Mr. O'Neill.”

“Well, my dear, have your hair dressed, and wear your hair on Mr. O'Neill's day. But, at present, Mr. Peak must be pleased. Mr. O'Dwyer, pray send up Priscilla. The children have a horrid habit of calling her 'Prissy.' ”

I ran down to send Priscilla to Mrs. Pye, but (God forgive me!) I flew up again on some pretence or another, to see the end of the scene. Priscilla was dispatched for one of Mrs. Pye's dress caps; and when it was brought, the mamma jumped up from her seat, placed the cap upon her fair daughter's reluctant head,—turned the same poor head to the right and to the left; held up the chin, and put down the chin,—gratifying the bystanders with the full, three-quarter, and side-face of pretty Miss Pye in the cap!

“Miss Pye says she does not look well in a

cap! Now, I appeal to all,—to you, Mr. O'Dwyer, and to Priscilla,—does not Miss Pye look exceedingly well in a cap? So soft! so fair!—so mother-like! You must wear the cap at the next Literary Meeting, which, by the way, will be to-morrow evening."

With all due propriety and modesty, I gave my vote for the cap. Priscilla "vowed Miss Pye looked inchantin' in a cap." And a cap Miss Pye was destined to wear.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Pye, with a yawn,—“to-morrow we must be all blue,—deep as indigo,—and I hate it!”

"My dear," observed Mrs. Pye,—“blue is a very becoming colour. You should never despise blue. Mr. Peak says it so becomes you.”

"Mamma, I wish Mr. Peak were ten, or, at least, five years younger than he is."

"Deliver me!" exclaimed the mamma, with affected astonishment,—“can you think of the age of a man of his property? No reasonable being would ask the age of a man of eight hundred per annum. The gentleman wishes to be thought but thirty. And at that prudent steady, agreeable age we will leave him.”

"But, Ma'am, he is forty," persisted Miss Pye, her usual easiness of temper somewhat soured by the cap.

"The precise age of wisdom!" replied Mrs. Pye, leaving the room, and cutting short further remark or comment.

Next morning, at an early hour, the indefatigable Mrs. Pye sallied forth on a tour of visits to booksellers and friends, to buy and borrow all the new publications within the limits of her purse and acquaintances; and, after three weary hours, the poor lady returned, dragged to the hips, and jaded to the heels!

When I beheld her thus bemired and bewildered, I could not help recalling, and laughing at Prissy's simile of the over-worked cart-horse; and I thought that if her resolution, her patience, her indefatigable exertions had been devoted to a better cause, she would deserve a prominent position in the Temple of Fame! But woe is me! I had to descend from my dignified station of butler, and to trace her footsteps from house to house, to carry home the packages whereon she had her mark. With

many apologies, Mrs. Pye took me aside, and lamenting that the porter she usually employed was elsewhere engaged, she begged me to be her messenger for this once.

Well ! I set out, and toiled home again, as my mistress had done, but much more heavily laden ; and for all the fatigue and trouble, I hoped that I should have the pleasure to witness this, (to me) new and interesting meeting about to take place in the evening. But, lo ! after assisting to uncord the parcels, and in arranging the drawing-room for the occasion, and after making myself up particularly smart for the duties of "secretary," to record the "bright thoughts," *et cetera*, Miss Pye (who looked divine in her new cap) was determined to put herself forward as much as possible, and undertook to fill that office herself. This was a dire disappointment to me ! But I consoled myself with the hope, that in one way or another, I should get a glimpse of the proceedings.

About eight the "literary lions" began to arrive, and it was with a considerable degree

of awe and veneration that I examined the features of each as they thundered at the door for admittance. I must acknowledge I was greatly disappointed. As far as my knowledge of literature went, I honoured in the highest degree all in the least connected with it ; and I expected that their countenances, like their minds, should bear the impress of their enlightened pursuits. But, alas ! whether it was that I had no tact in such matters, or that they really were but common moulds of men and women, I could detect no trace of mind or genius in the face of any of them. There were about half a dozen ladies, and four gentlemen ; very common looking people indeed ; though two or three of either sex affected extraordinary airs of importance. However, I believe these were only pretenders to literary celebrity, who set up their claims in the absence of real genius and talent. For there was no Edgeworth, Morgan, or Lover amongst them, nor any of their calibre.

But " Mr. Peak ! " " Where is Mr. Peak ? " both said and looked Mrs. Pye, as every fresh arrival presented her any but the pale, much

admired face of her daughter's adorer, who was staying provokingly late. — "Gentlemen, did any of you see Mr. Peak?"

"I did not, for one," replied Mr. —, an A. B. of T. C. D. and great witling. "And how *pointedly* Mrs. Pye does ask for Mr. Peak! But indeed he is the Peak of peaks, *par excellence*. And Madeira's peak, and Snowdon's peak may hide their diminished heads before the Peak of Hibernia! Heaven shield the poor fellow from the flash of 'lightning eyes!'

'The bolt that spares the mountain's sides,  
Its cloud-capped eminence divides,  
And spreads the ruin round!'

And the 'cloud-capped eminence,' of course is *the peak*."

Mr. —'s wit quite *soars* to-night," said a female voice.

"Yes, added another, "the name of Peak inspires him with very *lofty* ideas; whilst it always reminds me of the peaked chin of the authoress in 'Roderick Random!'"

"What says Miss Pye to all this?" softly asked the learned A. B. aforesaid, who felt much admiration of Miss Pye's beauty, but a

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profound contempt for her abilities, and, indeed, for the abilities of all others but his own. "What says Miss Pye—'the dear reward of every virtuous toil'?"

"As I feel no pique to Mr. Peak," returned Miss Pye, smiling, "I say that he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others."

"Well! very well, indeed! Where is our amanuensis to put that down?"

Under this fire of pun and quotation the subject of them was announced, entered, and took his place beside Miss Pye; when tea and coffee were immediately served, and which Mrs. Pye manoeuvred to keep back till the favoured man had arrived.

This over, my business was ended, and I had but to close the door and retire. But, everlasting thanks to a lady of sixteen stone and upwards! she was half suffocated with the heat of the room!—the said door was ordered to be opened, and to remain so; and if I was not permitted to be within the "charmed circle," I was so near to it in the ante-room, I could distinctly hear every word spoken, and even have a peep at some of the faces.

"What's the subject of discussion for this evening?" Mr. Peak inquired of the fair secretary. But, before this question could be answered, a billet was handed in, addressed to Miss Pye, and which caused a little sensation. I was about to hand it to the person to whom it was addressed; but Mrs. Pye hurried forward, intercepted the note, opened it, and, hastily looking over the contents, with a look and air of exultation and triumph, she placed it on the table before her daughter.

"Poetry! and to me!" exclaimed Miss Pye, with artless surprise.

"Read it! read it, my love!" cried the delighted mother. "It seems to be original, and, as such, entitled to our notice to-night."

Miss Pye, then, in an affected namby-pamby style, read the following lines aloud.—

WHAT IS LOVE?

Addressed to Miss Pye.

"To gaze upon the speaking eye,  
To heave the heart's impassioned sigh—  
Is love!

As in thine absence nought can cheer,  
To feel it heaven when thou art near—  
Is love!



To blush—to thrill through all my frame,  
 When casual lips but speak thy name—  
 Is love !

To fear that others may possess  
 Thy heart—my all of happiness !—  
 Is love !

To list with rapture when thou 'lt speak.  
 No other dearer pleasure seek—  
 Is love !

To think—to dream of thee alone—  
 To vainly wish thee all my own—  
 Is love !”

From my position, I could not see the faces of all the company, whilst this little tride was reading, but of those I could see, some sneered, and others looked affectedly contemptuous. As soon as Miss Pye had finished the lines, Mrs. ——, the authoress, took the paper, and closely examined it through her eye-glass, then carelessly laying it down again, she said, with the air of an oracle, that “The *subject* saved it, for who could love and be ‘wise,’ or ‘witty?’”

“And who would be satirical  
 Upon a thing so very small ?”

“Another ‘blue.’” “Or,  
 Break a fly upon the wheel ?”

added a third lady, and the matter was about to rest. But poor Mrs. Pye was bursting.

"Well! really," she began, and appealing with her looks to Mr. Peak and the gentlemen, "I do not think this little affair deserves to be passed over so carelessly? I am no judge, I admit, but as far as my poor opinion goes, the lines are smooth, and there is a good deal of feeling, and—and—a—Eh, Mr. Peak——?"

Mr. Peak professed to have no taste—no skill in poetry; and to Mrs. Pye's dismay, the subject dropped, without a chance of revival. Soon afterwards the party broke up. It was quite evident to me, not only that they were envious and jealous of each other, but that all were particularly jealous of Miss Pye, who certainly was the belle, and the favourite with Mr. Peak—who was the observed of all observers amongst them, and for the same reason that Mrs. Pye esteemed him—for his eight hundred per annum—"clear, and without incumbrance of mother, sister, brother, or niece."

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## CHAPTER XI.

As soon as the guests had departed, Mrs. Pye and her daughter held a consultation, which not only had they no objection to my overhearing, but to which they appeared to wish me to be a witness.

"Oh! mamma! was it not delightful that the verses came so opportunely, when poor Mr. Peak was so mortified by Mrs. ——'s rude insinuations?"

"Charming! and Mrs. —— herself was absolutely pale with spite! though she affected to make light of them. Who, do you suppose, wrote them?"

"I cannot say," drawled Miss Pye, sentimentally; "unless it be a pale, 'interesting' young man, with spectacles, who follows me from church every Sunday."

"What!" Mrs. Pye hastily exclaimed,—

"follows you from church every Sunday? I must look to that! He may do for a substitute, should Peak drop off, or become unmanageable. But then,—God knows who, or what he is! Perhaps some dismal school assistant, — threadbare, desperate, and presuming. I wish I knew Peak's mind! I am actually dipping myself on his account! What does he say or do when alone with you, Miss Pye?"

"Sighs continually!—oh, such heavy sighs!"

"Pooh! He will go on sighing till the day of judgment! And what do you do?"

"Oh, sigh in concert most musical, most melancholy!"

"Right, so far. Conform to him in all things till we see what he's about. But, in fact, Celia, we must make a bold stroke to bring him to the point,—that point to which it is so hard to bring him! I shall tell him that you have been invited to visit your aunt in London, and that you must go there. Remember, therefore, that you are to second me; and whenever I mention the proposed visit to Mr. Peak in your presence, you must seem

unwilling to leave town; and, in a modest way, let him suppose that your unwillingness proceeds from a *penchant* for him. My dear,—no remonstrances! A husband, and eight hundred a year, are not so easily had, and if you get them for a few soft looks and sighs, your time is not misspent. And if he has the least inkling of attachment, he will not permit you to go out of his sight without first engaging you to him.”

“I wish to heaven,” exclaimed the generally passive, but now rather disgusted belle,—“that we did know his mind! For I am wearied of this constant acting and seeming,—and for one that one does not love, too!”

“Love!” screamed Mrs. Pye, as if her daughter had said some dreadfully indecent word. “Love! What romance have you been reading, child? A girl without sixpence thinking of love! Supremely ridiculous! And, let me tell you, Miss Pye,—those loving fair ones seldom catch good matches. For, when they feel the passion,—from some perversity in women,—some ridiculous false delicacy,—they will rather die than let their

feelings be known. So that very few indeed are capable of that exquisite *tact* to win the very man they are pining for! Go to bed, my dear, and I pray you, before I see you again, to sleep away all thoughts of love, as you would wish to escape the drivellings of idiotism. Good night!"

A few days after this conversation, when I happened to be in the drawing-room, Mr. Peak surprised Mrs. Pye with an open letter in her hand, and apparently displeased.

"Oh! Mr. Peak," she began, the instant he entered, "I have just been thinking of you! Of all persons I want your influence!"

"Mine! my dear madam. How so?"

"Why, with that unmanageable girl, Miss Pye!" returned the lady. "Here is a letter from my sister Paul—lives in London!—quite in fashion!—gives first-rate balls and parties!—sees the best society!—and has invited Miss Pye to spend some weeks with her: and, would you believe it? she has almost refused to go! Such a strange girl! All others but herself sighing and dying to get to London! Now, Mr. Peak, here she comes; and I ask it



as a favour that you will join me in persuading her to go. The trip will be of vast advantage to one so much admired as Miss Pye!"

And thereupon Miss Pye entered the room, and the politic mamma assailed her with entreaties, and held forth all possible inducements, every now and again appealing to Mr. Peak, who, however, very feebly seconded her. Then Mrs. Pye, by a pre-concerted signal, was called way, and, with a significant glance to Mr. Peak, she left the pair together. After a good half hour's fiddling about the house, doing nothing, she returned to the drawing-room.

"Any chance, my dear Mr. Peak? Any hope of breaking in the refractory?"

"I protest," cried Mr. Peak, laughing, "I quite forgot your injunctions! But surely you would not seriously insist upon my lending my aid to deprive our little society of its brightest ornament? Impossible, my dear Mrs. Pye! I should become an exile myself!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Pye, with a well affected look and tone of disappointment and displeasure. "I must only enforce my autho-

rity! I shall not disappoint my sister, Mrs. Paul."

Miss Pye pouted—sighed—looked "unutterable things" at Mr. Peak; and, finally, but, of course, with great reluctance, pacified her mamma with a promise, that she "thought she would make up her mind to go to London in a few days."

Mr. Peak looked disappointed and sighed very deeply, and, soon after, took his leave.

"He certainly is sorry for your going," observed Mrs. Pye; "and if he ever proposes, or means to do it, he will do so shortly; and in the mean time, whenever he calls, we must be preparing for your departure."

The next day, and the next, and the next after that brought Mr. Peak at his usual hour of calling, and at each visit, I suspect, he could observe some symptom of the fair Celia's intended journey—something to pain the lover's heart, if he had one. She did all she decently could to let him think that it was against her will she was leaving his most dear society; and Mrs. Pye never ceased "wondering (before Mr. Peak), what charm kept the girl's wishes in

Dublin, when London and its ten thousand attractions courted her notice ?”

“When must Miss Pye leave us ?” Mr. Peak inquired, in a sad tone.

“Certainly the day after to-morrow !” replied Mrs. Pye, “unless some unforeseen accident, or event, occurs to frustrate our intention : for you know ‘Man may appoint, and Providence may disappoint.’”

“I shall call to-morrow evening,” said Mr. Peak ; “shall you be at home ? I shall be engaged all the morning on business in the city.”

“Undoubtedly I shall !” said Mrs. Pye, quickly, and, in spite of her efforts to the contrary, looking all expectation.—“At any hour, I am at home to you.”

The provoking man of “eight hundred a-year, and without encumbrance,” came the next evening, sipped his coffee, and told the Dublin news, took Miss Pye by both her hands, pressed them, sighed, and wished her all and every happiness and pleasure during her sojourn in London, and departed without a word of the state of his affections !

"Now! mamma," Miss Pye exclaimed, half crying and half laughing, "what has your fine plan come to? I am going to-morrow, as it were, and Mr. Peak wishes me every happiness and pleasure! What am I to do now?"

"Instantly become ill, my dear," said Mrs. Pye, coolly—"I was prepared for the exigency! You must have a slight attack of Influenza, or something else, and be confined to your room for a couple of days: leave it to me to turn it to account."

Miss Pye burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh well!—well!" she cried, and raised her hands.

"All is well that ends well," returned the mamma, as calmly as before. "Go to your room, and I shall find means to give you a delicate interesting look."

"Delicate, mamma!" almost screamed Miss Pye; "you don't mean med'cines, I hope?"

"Yes! my dear. Anything, everything, to catch a husband and eight hundred a year."

I suppose Mr. Peak did really feel regret for the society of his charmer, for he did not call at No. —, for some days. But by the time

he believed she had safely arrived in the Metropolis, and as he considered it his duty, he paid a visit to the lonely mamma, to sympathise with her on the absence of her lovely daughter.

I admitted him as usual, and, by the way, I could not but remark that his appearance was less animated than heretofore, and that there was not much alacrity in his step, as he ascended the stairs. I am enabled to give you the result of my curiosity on this interesting occasion.

“Oh! my dear, sir,” whined Mrs. Pye, in answer to his condolences, “we have Miss Pye, still; but the dear girl is confined to her room these three days. I really think she has fretted herself ill; if not, she affects to be so that she may not be forced to leave town. What can be the meaning of this reluctance, Mr. Peak? I hear there is a nice, fash’nable young man, in spectacles, following her everywhere; and, but that Celia is so steady and sensible, preferring men of middle age, to very young ones, I would say she felt a *tendresse* for some one [Mr. Peak changed colour, and

Mrs. Pye remarked it]. Now, my dear Mr. Peak, if you would undertake to discover, if you would sound her on the subject, I should feel so much obliged ! It is of consequence to me that she should go to her aunt. She will have such advantages there, and she is so pretty—so much admired.”

“Is Miss Pye unable to leave her room ?” faltered Mr. Peak.

“She has not left it these three days,” said Mrs. Pye, “but if you spend this evening with us, I shall try to bring her down. And, by-the-by, if she comes for any one, it will be for you ! And, like a dear good man, observe her closely, and tell me if you think this illness real or affected ? Because, if it is not feigned, she has fretted herself ill at the idea of leaving us. And of course I shall not force her, however much I might wish it.”

Mr. Peak readily promised,—came in the evening,—Miss Pye was induced to venture down stairs, wrapped up (but her mufflings most becomingly disposed), speaking low and languidly, and looking as delicate as if she was a real invalid, and kept her apartment

for a fortnight before! Mr. Peak sat beside her all the evening,—tenderly deplored her state of health,—admitted, however, that he could not greatly regret any slight indisposition which had been the cause of her still remaining in Dublin,—hinted that he feared there was some powerful attraction in a pair of spectacles,—observed her closely, as he was desired to do,—swallowed four cups of coffee,—intreated Miss Pye to take care of herself,—vowed she looked lovely as an invalid,—wrapped himself up in his cloak, and made his exit without any proposal!”

“Now! mamma!” cried Miss Pye.

“Don’t disturb yourself, my dear,” said Mrs. Pye, with the utmost equanimity. “Pray take care of your health! Get well as soon as possible, for there is another lover coming on the carpet!”

The invalid jumped up. “Another lover! mamma!” she exclaimed, with great animation. “Who? whom do you mean?”

“Oh,” returned the mamma, with indifference, “it is one that you cannot think of, and with whom you will be perfectly safe—your

cousin, George O'Connor. His person is handsome, his manner fash'nable ; and though he has not a single *sous* he can call his own, he dresses as well as any man. I intend to puff him to Peak, and your other friends here, as heir to a fine fortune, and an admirer of yours. I will write to him to come up at once."

The fair Miss Pye made no objection ; indeed I believe the motion gave her infinite pleasure. Firstly, for the *éclat* of having several lovers ; secondly, to pique Mr. Peak ; and thirdly, for the sake of the anticipated amusement. And in a few days afterwards, a handsome, sprightly, fine-looking young fellow, of two or three-and-twenty, made his *entrée* in Mount Street.

Mrs. Pye received her nephew with open arms, gave him her secret instructions, introduced him to all her acquaintances, with a whispered intimation, that he was an old admirer of Miss Pye, that he had invited himself to town, and that he expected to come into possession of a fine estate in a few months. (All this, and more that follows, was afterwards told me in high glee by the nephew himself).

The appearance of Mr. George O'Connor was



much admired by the Dublin belles ; his manner was lively, his conversation agreeable, and of course the name of a good estate did not lessen his attractions. He was everywhere invited, and a succession of dinners, balls and parties attested his popularity. But in gratitude to his kind aunt, and in pursuance of her wishes, he paid most assiduous, most pointed attentions to his lovely cousin. Miss Pye was quite at home with her cousin O'Connor. At first, and before Mr. Peak, she received his homage with coldness, if not with *hauteur* ; but warming by degrees, and in accordance with her mother's instructions, she acted her part to perfection. Mr. Peak saw his charmer besieged, closely besieged ; her ardent admirer not allowing her one minute's respite ; and, all praise be to the tactics of Mrs. Pye ! he positively became jealous, miserably and ridiculously jealous !

Never in all my life have I been more amused than in that house ! Besides the variety, there was the constant excitement of watching the success or failure of some plan or another going forward, and I was quite behind the scenes. One

quarter of Mrs. Pye's arts and manœuvres would disgust me in any other woman. But there was such *openness* in her play, so much spirit and life in the execution ; she was so good-hearted and good-humoured, I could only observe, laugh, and wish well to her cause. To do all parties justice in the little drama then in rehearsal, every one played their several parts with truth and vivacity. The mother, in her own quick exuberant way, gave the nephew his cue and *carte blanche*,—he was to court her daughter with all appearance of seriousness for marriage, and no tenderness of manner was to be omitted when Mr. Peak was present, and to bring him to the speaking point. The gay spark seemed to have fully entered into his aunt's measures, and however his inclinations might tend, he seemed determined that *he* would not be the cause of a failure. A month and more this flirtation was carried on, and though poor Mr. Peak was fretting himself into a shadow, looking most woe-begone and miserable, he seemed still not to have courage to try his fate.

At length, one morning, when Mrs. Pye was

nearly in despair, and giving him up, an epistle mysteriously worded, was handed to her from Mr. Peak. He required her to name an hour that day that he could see her alone, and on most particular business.

"At last!" cried the poor woman, her face flushing with delight, as she read the note aloud before her daughter and nephew; "it is come at last. What hour shall I name, Miss Pye?"

"Remember, mamma," said Miss Pye, looking rather frightened and pale, "that the Chesters are to call this morning. You asked them yourself. You had best appoint an hour in the evening."

"You are right. Well, I shall appoint six o'clock. There will be no danger of visitors then," and Mrs. Pye wrote a hurried note, which she gave to me to hand Mr. Peak's messenger.

From Mrs. Pye's looks, her exclamation of joy, and the mysterious language in which the note was couched, I had a notion of what was about to happen, and, indeed, I was glad. Besides other considerations, I thought it a pity

if one who worked so hard and indefatigably should not get her reward. And it was with more than common pleasure that at six o'clock that evening I admitted Mr. Peak, and ushered him into the drawing-room to Mrs. Pye, who, poor woman, was looking quite *unconscious*.

I did not listen, and I cannot presume to say what passed in that low-toned *tête-à-tête*; but I suppose that the tardy lover was making his confession to his intended mother-in-law, when Mrs. Pye's second daughter, Miss Eliza, burst into the drawing-room, leaving the door open, and with affrighted looks and tones exclaimed, "Mamma! mamma! where have Celia and George O'Connor gone to?"

"How should I know?" said Mrs. Pye, angry at this interruption: "walked out together I daresay."

"Oh no! ma'am," cried Miss Eliza, "that's not it! They ran off together as fast as they could! Celia was crying, and George was urging her away, saying that Mr. Peak was come at last to propose! so she bundled up her clothes, and they are gone! I would have come to tell you at once, but George locked me up in Celia's room and I could not get out till now!"

"Mr. Peak! Mr. Peak!" shrieked the now distracted mother, starting up and frantically clapping her hands "Mr. Peak! my dear Mr. Peak,—run and overtake them! Go, my dear sir, or I am undone!"

"Ma'am! me? ma'am!" faltered Mr. Peak, astonished and confounded, no less at the tidings than at Mrs. Pye's distraction.

"Oh, my dear, dear sir! for my sake," persisted the weeping Mrs. Pye, "run!—fly! after them, or I shall be undone! Oh! if you have any affection for her, or pity for me!—"

"Why — really — ma'am," interposed Mr. Peak, struggling for utterance, and trying to seem composed, though shaking in every limb with emotion, "it would be a queer business for me to undertake,—considering my — my feelings! If the young lady has gone off with the gentleman,—no doubt she prefers him to—to—all the world; and you would not urge me to show myself so devoid of proper spirit as to—"

"But for *my* sake! for my sake! Mr. Peak. —The girl will be utterly undone! they will return to me a pair of beggars;—for the fellow

has not a single sixpence or acre of his own in the world ! ”

“ No ! ma'am,” exclaimed Mr. Peak, in great surprise ; “ did you not tell me that the young man had an independent and considerable property ? ”

“ All a mistake ! Mr. Peak—all a great mistake, my dear Mr. Peak ! He has nothing of his own in the world. Oh, Miss Pye ! unfortunate Miss Pye ! ”

“ *I* am ‘ Miss Pye ’ now, mamma,” cried Miss Eliza, putting herself forward, and perking up. “ If Celia is married, I am ‘ Miss Pye,’ you know. ”

“ Yes, child,” replied the mamma absently ; and then suddenly turning and glancing at her daughter, and from her to the stricken Mr. Peak—“ Yes, my dear, you will be ‘ Miss Pye’—perhaps *are* Miss Pye at this moment. Mr. Peak ! don't you think Eliza very like Miss Pye ? ”

Mr. Peak was silently chewing the cud of bitter thoughts, revolving his recent loss, and cursing his own tardiness and want of resolution. But abstracted though he was, he

soon saw the drift of the last question put by Mrs. Pye; and soured with himself, and disgusted with her arts and management, he started up, and said abruptly—

“No! ma'am. You have not a child in the world like Miss Pye! I must wish you a good evening, Mrs. Pye! This business has affected me more than I could wish—” and he hurried out of the room, and the house.

A few days afterwards, the runaways returned, knelt at Mrs. Pye's feet, and implored forgiveness. She permitted them to remain in the house, for, indeed, they had no place else to go to; but forgive them she never would, though she could not forget that it was her own imprudence had brought the match about. This the young people did not fail to urge, and there were constant bickerings and recriminations amongst them. “Who asked me here?” the young man would insist. “Did I intrude myself, without a most pressing invitation? And when I came, who desired me, nay, intreated me to make love to my cousin, and gave me plenty opportunities to perfect myself in the character of a lover?”

"Yes, sir; but I did not bid you run away, disgracefully run away with your cousin! You understood my motives, and I foolishly believed you had principle and honour!"

"Yes! ma'am; but with principle and honour, I hope you thought that I had passions and feelings like other people. My dear aunt, say no more! I am one of a family of capital actors, and no one ever performed his part better than I did mine! Could I help it, if I had so much of your dramatic talent!"

"And in this day's 'Saunders,'" sobbed Mrs. Pye, and casting bitterly reproachful glances on her daughter, some three or four months after her matrimonial trip,—“is the marriage of poor, dear, ill-used Mr. Peak with a governess! A governess, without a sixpence! Whilst I—shall soon be a grandmother to a tribe of beggars!"

"Well, ma'am," retorted her son-in-law, "you have other daughters,—beware how you ask other young men into your house to stimulate a tardy widower! Give your girls and



their admirers fair play ; use no artifices or management, and you will attain your object with half the trouble."

"No speaking to me, sir!" cried Mrs. Pye angrily,—“unless your talking can bring eight hundred a year!”

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And now I must, for the present, conclude my adventures! The winter is past, and the blithe spring,—

“Comes dancing forth;”

and I must attend to my farming concerns, or all will go wrong, and I should deserve that they did. Perhaps, in the lengthened days of summer, I may resume my story.

After leaving Mrs. Pye—(that good lady candidly told me, that, in consequence of the undesired addition to her family, she could no longer afford to keep a fash’nable servant, and that it was with much regret she should part with me)—I lived with Mr. St. George ; and, after him, with a poet, an officer, and an elderly maiden lady ; and their whims, oddities, and capers may yet afford you entertainment.

I had been living with Mr. St. George for a couple of years, when I was recalled to the consideration of my own affairs by the death of my father. I hastened to Kellystown, and I found everything, within and without the house, in the most perfect order, besides a great increase of stock, and a sum of money saved,—all through the clever management of my excellent step-mother. I suppose it is needless to say that I did not think of disturbing her ; on the contrary, I left her sole mistress of the place while she lived. She had no heirs, and I knew she would save, and leave all with me in the end.

All my affairs regulated, I hastened back to my service. For eight or nine years I continued in that occupation ; always in credit, and generally contented. But, in or about thirty, I began to look about me—to think and ask myself what I was at ? I was owner of a farm, rent free, for my life ; and also an annuity for life, settled upon me by my kind and constant friend, Mr. St. George ; and here was I, spending the best of my years, my energies, and my time, in the service of people

who treated me as a mere machine, without casting a thought upon the merits or talents of the man. Besides which, I felt that I was usurping a place that could and ought to be filled by more efficient, and as honest (some of them, at least) fellows,—dozens of whom were wandering about the streets, without bread ; and who had no other means of living but service. I had seen as much variety as would serve me for amusing reflection for the remainder of my term of years ; and I had often occasion to *feel* that “ home is home, be it ever so homely.”

\* But, as I have mentioned in the first part of these veritable memoirs, I was not fond of farming, and had no skill in it : I therefore thought it necessary to engage a steward,—a clever one, I believe, and I took care he should be honest. For though I am fond of a morning soak, I was determined not to be a lazy lie-a-bed, satisfied with *supposing* that all was right, if a smooth-faced, plausible-tongued hireling *told* me so. I was up and stirring early, kept my eye to everything, and put all things down in black and white ; and thus I

could never suspect without cause, as many a one does who entrusts his affairs to a delegate, without taking any trouble himself. I am now independent ; I am a master and a landlord ; and I hope and believe I do my duty to all. With my "people" I use a due mixture of familiarity and distance, kindness and strictness. I know the national character ; I keep a tightish rein, but not a heavy and hard rope, around their necks, and I am obeyed and respected ; nay I am loved ! For I go by the rule of right, and "I do unto others as I would they should do unto me !"

And now, dear Tom, farewell ! Hurra ! I have got to the last chapter of the hardest of all my undertakings ! Hurra ! again. There is nothing like the healthful breeze, the country, and an HONEST INDEPENDENCE !

THE END.

LONDON :

Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY, and Co.,  
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

